E GROPING GIANT

EVOLUTIONARY RUSSIA

S SEEN BY AN AMERIC DEMOCRAT

WILLIAM ADAMS BROW

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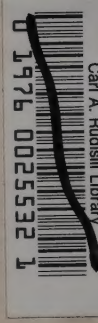

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THE GROPING GIANT

REVOLUTIONARY RUSSIA AS SEEN BY AN AMERICAN DEMOCRAT

PUBLISHED ON THE FOUNDATION
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THEODORE L. GLASGOW

THE GROPING GIANT

REVOLUTIONARY RUSSIA AS SEEN BY AN AMERICAN DEMOCRAT

BY

WILLIAM ADAMS BROWN, JR.

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THE THEODORE L. GLASGOW MEMORIAL PUBLICATION FUND

The present volume is the third work published by the Yale University Press on the Theodore L. Glasgow Memorial Publication Fund. This Foundation was established September 17, 1918, by an anonymous gift to Yale University in memory of Flight Sub-Lieutenant Theodore L. Glasgow, R.N. He was born in Montreal, Canada, May 25, 1898, the eldest son of Robert and Louise C. Glasgow, and was educated at the University of Toronto Schools and at the Royal Military College, Kingston. In August, 1916, he entered the Royal Naval Air Service and in July, 1917, went to France with the Tenth Squadron attached to the Twenty-Second Wing of the Royal Flying Corps. A month later, August 19, 1917, he was killed in action on the Ypres front.

TO MY FATHER

FOREWORD

IN the pages that follow I have made no attempt to analyze the present political situation in Russia. It has been my aim, through the medium of a varied experience, to try to make clear what are the permanent psychological factors in Russia today which will ultimately determine the course of her history, and which are independent of rapidly changing political situations. It has also been my aim to present in a sympathetic light the point of view of the most important groups in Russian life at the present time. The effort to make this psychological analysis has led me inevitably into a threefold classification of the elements that make up modern Russia—the Masses, the Bolsheviki and the Intelligentzia. A study, from the democratic, American point of view, of these three great classes as they came within the range of my experience through daily contact during and after the Bolshevik revolution forms the substance of this book.

I feel a special debt to Mr. Malcolm W. Davis, with whom I was associated for a year in Russia, in the work of the American Committee on Public Information. In his generous, sympathetic and understanding, but at the same time objective, view of Russian people and Russian problems, many of the ideas I have here set forth have their source.

Without the encouragement of my father, at whose suggestion I undertook to put this experience into writing, and the constant help and interest of my wife, these impressions would never have been written.

New York, August 29, 1920.

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INTRODUCTION

NOWHERE have the forces at work in all countries which are bringing about the tremendous revolution of thought and feeling about social questions characteristic of the present age been operative in more clear-cut and distinguishable form than in Russia. And nowhere are the dangers that are inseparable from a too rapid transition from an old and tested political and economic system to a new and untried one more obvious and more significant than in Russia. For these two reasons Russia has become for all other countries a subject of absorbing interest.

The writer was in Russia during a time of momentous change—a time when the bitterness, the passion and the suffering of a transition period was at its height. It was the period when the struggle of Russia as a nation for political and economic power and prestige as expressed by her alignment with the Allies against Germany in the Great War was definitely superseded by the economic struggle between different classes within the nation. This second warfare even before the Armistice was signed had eclipsed the warfare waged in the name of Russia as a whole. It continued without the slightest abatement after the conclusion of the peace. It was not affected by the

temporary settlement of the questions involved in the Great War which followed the military defeat of Germany. To such an extent had it overshadowed the Great War in the minds of Russians that news of the conclusion of the Armistice, hailed with unbounded joy throughout the world, was received in Russia almost with indifference. In Irkutsk, where the writer was living at the time, the announcement that the war was over did not cause the slightest ripple in the life of the city.

A year and a half spent in Russia at this most critical period of her history gave the writer the opportunity to study at first hand the beginnings of this desperate and relentless open warfare between the classes. Going first to Russia in September 1917, as a secretary of the Y. M. C. A., I was in Moscow during the early days of the October revolution, when the Bolsheviki first came into power. A journey to the various huts established by the American Y. M. C. A. with the Tenth Army then took me to the front, where I saw the last remnants of Russia's rapidly disintegrating army. Returning to Petrograd in December 1917, I joined in the work of the American Committee on Public Information, which was carrying on a vigorous pro-Ally and pro-American propaganda. In connection with this work I spent several months in Petrograd and Moscow, then under Bolshevik rule, and more than a year traveling throughout Siberia in daily touch with those who were engaged in the anti-Bolshevik movement. When, on account of lack of support by Congress, the work of the Committee was discontinued, I returned to America in March 1919.

Much water has flowed under the bridge since that time. Failure on the part of the Allies to lend real and

effective military aid to the men fighting the Bolsheviki in the summer of 1918 when it might have been decisive, added to the lack of agreement among anti-Bolshevik Russians themselves, made the military defeat of the Bolsheviki impossible. The continuance of the blockade, after the military defeat of the Bolsheviki ceased to be within the range of probabilities, served only to intensify hatred of the Allies and did not help the anti-Bolshevik cause. The failure of America at any time adequately to define her attitude towards the Bolsheviki added to the uncertainty everywhere prevailing. The aggressions of Japan in the Far East, and the attempt of Poland to recover large areas of territory which had long been a part of Russia gave to the Bolshevik leaders an immensely powerful weapon of propaganda, and greatly increased the number of those Russians who have assumed the attitude, "We will deal with the foreign invader first, and then settle our own troubles ourselves." Experience in government has proved to the Bolsheviki that many of their theories are impracticable, and has resulted in a modification of doctrines once held as integral parts of Bolshevik theory. It has also forced the Bolshevik leaders to seek the aid of intelligent and capable Russians of the bourgeois class. The rapid recovery of the war-worn countries of Europe and the continued stability of their governments have relegated the attainment of world revolution, once regarded as an immediate prospect, to the distant future, and have made the Bolshevik leaders willing to come to an agreement with capitalistic countries. On the other hand, the mere continuance of the Bolshevik power over a period of years has left many of the Intelligentzia who desire to take some part in the life

of the country no alternative but to do so within the Bolshevik organization. As a consequence an increasing number of men of moderate views and tolerant spirit have little by little worked their way up through the Bolshevik ranks.

Yet, great as have been the changes since the events referred to in the following pages took place, the class tyranny of the present rulers of Russia still continues. Russia is still at war within herself. The conditions under which her people live have not essentially changed. More fundamental still, the distinctive characteristics of the Russian people remain unaltered. From an understanding of these alone can come a fair judgment of the modern history of Russia. The study of the actual events now taking place in Russia is important for every forward-looking man. But to interpret them justly one must have knowledge of the peculiar conditions existing in that country, and have insight into the kind of people who live there, into their way of life, their psychology and their character.

The problem that Russia has to face is in principle the same as that before all other civilized nations—namely, how to establish and maintain a government able to rule in the interest of all classes, to secure a better distribution of wealth, to keep abreast of the spirit of the age, and to express the genius of her people. But the factors which enter into Russia's problem are so different, the psychology of her people so foreign, and the events that have rapidly succeeded one another in that distracted country so strange and unfamiliar, so seemingly contradictory, that it is hard for a foreigner to form a just appreciation of their nature and meaning. To apply American stand-

ards to Russia, and to judge what happens there without keeping steadily in mind these great psychological differences which divide our people from the Russian people, must inevitably lead to mistaken and often dangerous conclusions. And yet it remains true, though it seems a paradox in view of what has just been said, that there is probably more in common between Americans and Russians than between Russians and any other non-Slavic race.

Russia today is a vast laboratory in which many kinds of experiment in government and social organization are being tried. The influence of revolutionary Russia reaches to every country and every race. The forces at play in Russia today are great forces. Directly or indirectly they are influencing the course of affairs not only in Europe but in Asia and the United States as well. To help fill in the background against which events in Russia must be projected in order to be fully understood, and to share with others an experience which, to the writer at least, has helped to make clear the nature of the forces operating in Russia, and Russia's contribution to the new era upon which we are entering, is the object of the following chapters.

I.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

IN September 1917, the result of the Great War still hung in the balance. The power of Germany seemed still to grow more terrible and more relentless. The inactivity of Russia, whose armies had in the years before so often lightened the burden on the Western fronts, added a heavy load to the anxieties of those who prayed for the success of the Allied cause. For a time one name seemed to bring light out of the darkness. Kerenski stood forth in the eyes of the world as the saviour of Russia. By his indomitable will and genius in inspiring the people, he was to make Russia again one of the active partners in our great enterprise. At the very least he could hold masses of Germans on the Eastern front until America was ready. It was under the glamour of Kerenski's name, when the news of his waning fortunes had scarcely begun to reach America, that I first came to Russia. The reasons for his loss of strength and power had not been known in America at all. Rumors, indeed, of sinister import had begun to reach us from the interior of Russia. But these could not dispel for a moment the impression left in the

mind by the great headlines and glowing eulogies which had been spread before us for months in America, lauding Kerenski to the skies. To help the Russian soldier at the front, to make life easier for him and cheer him up, so that he might fight the better, still seemed work that could count in the Great War.

I landed late in September at Vladivostok, anxious and ready to believe that the gloomy picture brought from Russia by returning travelers must be an exaggeration, and still full of hope that Russia would fight. Only a few days after my landing, at the house of a lady who was guiding my faltering first steps in the mysteries of the Russian language, this easy optimism began to be shaken. After the lesson, at nine o'clock in the evening, the family gathered about the samovar for tea—a delightful function, without which no Russian house, be it high or low, can be truly Russian, or truly contented. In the course of our talk about Russia and her problems, my hostess expressed a sentiment which sounded strange to my American ears, but which I afterwards came to understand only too clearly. It was wonder that Americans should send men all the way to Russia to help and serve the Russian soldiers and complete inability to understand why they did it. "Do you not know," she said, "that they are no longer soldiers in any sense? They are the 'továrishi,' 'comrades,' whose very name, like the 'citoyen' of the French Revolution, inspires fear. They are at this very moment leaving the front unprotected against the Germans. They are ruining the transportation of the country, and are engaged in every kind of lawlessness and crime, to such an extent that no one's life is safe, and no one's property secure, be he patriot or traitor,

good or bad, rich or poor. I most heartily appreciate and admire the spirit in which the Americans come here, but it is hard for us to understand why you should want to help these men who wish to destroy us all and Russia along with us. Is it possible that the Allies believe that Russia is still in the war? We have known for months that there never would be another winter campaign in Russia. The Allies must reconcile themselves to the fact that Russia can fight no longer. You do not and cannot begin to understand the abysmal ignorance of the Russian soldier, the sufferings he has had to endure. Only a Russian can truly estimate the powerful forces of unrest set free by the relaxing of the strong hold over him that has enabled Russia up to the present to do her part against Germany." I left with the feeling that American papers and journals had still much to learn of Russia.

The mood of my teacher, I soon found, was typical of nearly everyone I met. Vladivostok was nervous. For the last few days the town had been filled with the wildest and most conflicting rumors. Kerenski was no longer a name to conjure with. People were recounting in whispers the terrible deeds of the továrishi. The army was no longer a protection but had become a source of fear and terror. There was no reliable news, no rate of exchange. Travelers escaping from Central Russia brought tales of terrible journeys and great deprivations. In no place was the anxiety and restlessness of the people more evident than at the railroad station at the time of the departure of the Petrograd express. Here people whose interests brought them most intimately into contact with the strange events occurring in Central Russia, were forced to congregate and here one evening I came to say

good-bye to some members of our party who left for Petrograd on the first express after our arrival. Standing on the balcony of the station, overlooking the railroad tracks, I could watch the crowd below surging about the train. It was a crowd full of new types, new faces and costumes, which suggested vividly the variety and picturesqueness of the life of Russia, so different from all I had known before. In the shouting, fighting crowd struggling to get places on the train, there were peasants in leather coats and felt boots, with huge bundles over their shoulders, voluble bright-eyed Jews in black astrakhan wool hats, soldiers wearing huge round white hats tipped over one ear, and many ladies and gentlemen of the better class fighting for places with the rest. Among them the porters, or 'nossílschiki,'[1] wearing white aprons as their official badge of office, moved about calm and unconcerned, bringing order out of chaos. In the throng, one figure stood out with startling conspicuousness. He was a Don Cossack, lithe and active, with sharp features, a small black moustache and a lock of curly black hair showing under the officer's round high hat of grey wool with a green and gold top. His national costume of bright red, decorated by two rows of cartridges forming a V over his chest, with its tight waist, and long skirt reaching nearly to the ankles, made him at once an outstanding figure. The presence of a tiny gilt dagger in his waist, with the handle slanted so as to be instantly within reach of the right hand, symbolized the warrior, and the de-

[1] The 'nossílschik' in Russia is a functionary of much greater importance than a mere porter. Upon him, even in stormy times, the harassed traveler can rely for efficient help and, more valuable still, accurate information amid the perplexities and difficulties of transportation in Russia.

scendant of a long line of warriors. He was waving a farewell to a girl of seventeen or eighteen standing beside me on the balcony, dressed smartly in black, who tried hard to conceal her evident anxiety and emotion under an appearance of gaiety until the train finally pulled out. There was something feverish and exciting in the air and everyone seemed to be trying to appear unconcerned, and failing in the attempt. The travelers were embarking upon a journey to a place of danger and terror. Yet no one could tell just what the danger was. The very fact that it was mysterious and undefined added a peculiar poignancy and pathos to the parting of friends and relatives. Not one of all the people who started on that train knew to what they were going or what they would find of their business, their homes and their families. For the first time I felt the uncertainty, the nervous tension, the apprehension and fear of the future that form the very atmosphere of the daily life of revolutionary Russia.

It was with the thrill of the explorer venturing into the unknown that I, in my turn, found myself riding day after day across the endless expanse of Siberia and drawing nearer and nearer to the centre where Rumor was born, and to which all the warring world was looking in an agony of hope or fear. At every station of any considerable size, those who had run out to form the long line of passengers waiting their turn to fill their kettles with boiling water for tea, brought in new stories of happenings in Petrograd and Moscow. The name of Lenine was heard more and more on men's lips, and that of Trotsky, spoken almost in a whisper, generally followed. Russians on the train became more tense, more nervous. These thirteen days of not knowing what was happening

to their families and to their country were days of suffering for them. But the Americans, traveling as they were in comfort in an International Car, were light-hearted and gay. They enjoyed immensely the kindness of their Russian fellow travelers, and liked to think things were perhaps really not as bad as they were pictured. The slight discomforts to which they were subjected and the uncertainty which surrounded the journey added a spice of pleasurable excitement. That there was only candlelight and that they were two days late they put down with a shrug of their shoulders to "Russian inefficiency." It was only afterwards that they found out that the absence of electric light was due to the fact that the porters were smuggling food in the place where the batteries should have been, in order to profit by the starvation in the interior. But the cars were well heated, and the food plentiful. The Americans felt comfortable, cozy and safe.

From this false sense of security, which I shared with the others, I was rudely awakened one day on our arrival at a small station where a train of freight cars with stoves, commonly known as teplúshkas, was standing on a siding. It was a troop train carrying part of the Russian Army out into Siberia to their homes. The express stood for a while with locked doors waiting for the engine to replenish its supply of wood. Soldiers from the troop train began to gather about it, and before long were pounding at the doors and throwing things at the windows. Self-complacency was distinctly jarred by the sight of the crowd of angry, shouting, gesticulating soldiers attacking the train and demanding that all the passengers get out and exchange places with them. The naked point of a bayonet, making its way through a slightly opened win-

dow, added force to their argument. The red face of a huge peasant soldier looking furiously at me as he shook his fist at the train indicated that I was not merely a spectator of this little scene, but a participant in it. That big red-faced peasant was furiously angry at me personally for riding in that train while he had to ride in a freight car. Why should these people ride in luxury while he, who had fought for Russia through the long winters in the trenches, ill-fed, ill-armed and ill-clothed, must ride in a slow freight train, packed in without room to move? It was difficult to formulate a convincing answer on the spur of the moment, but my American mind had immediate recourse to a principle so well established in America that to hear it questioned and brushed aside as if it were not was an unexpected and very illuminating experience. "I paid the price asked of me for the privilege of riding on this train to Petrograd, and, therefore, I have a perfect right to ride on this train till we get to Petrograd, if it takes a thousand years." The turmoil outside and the ever more and more insistent pounding at the vestibule doors conveyed this answer: "Why should you have money and we none? Aren't we as good men as you? Haven't we suffered a thousand times more than you? If we are simple and dirty and ignorant, isn't it because you and men like you have taken all the good things for a thousand years and given us none? That you are a foreigner makes it worse. Why should a foreigner travel in such luxury here in Russia, while we, Russian men, have to go in that teplúshka train over there?" And for the first time I heard the sinister word 'Burjúi'[1] applied

[1] There is no exact English equivalent for the Russian word 'Burjúi.' It is more inclusive than bourgeois, for it embraces aristocrats as well as

to me personally. I found myself branded as one of a definite group, separated from those men outside, not merely by differences of language, race and inheritance, but by a seemingly unbridgeable gulf called class. When the express hastily moved out, in time to avoid real trouble, leaving the továrishi still shaking their fists at us, I felt that I had had my first real indication of the terms of the Russian problem. I had begun to realize the primary importance in Russian life of those class antagonisms, which, though undoubtedly existing in America, are at least not daily thrust upon one's attention. I had begun to feel the mass force that made revolutionary Russia so terrible, and yet, in its own way, so inspiring.

Instructions wired to us en route to go to Moscow instead of to Petrograd made a change of train necessary at Vólogda. So far as the passengers were concerned, this offered no insuperable difficulties, but to change the baggage was a different matter. The baggage was checked to Petrograd, and three hours of unexampled and impassioned oratory on the part of all the Russians on the express to whom we could communicate our difficulties failed utterly to shake the devotion to duty of one entirely illiterate peasant acting as baggageman, who insisted that it should not go to Moscow with its owners, but should continue to Petrograd alone. The best that could finally be done was to get it unloaded on the platform. When the train for Moscow pulled out with the rest of the party

members of the middle class. It is the all-inclusive term to designate the possessing classes—those who live on interest or rent. It is therefore the name of the enemy in the class-war propaganda of the Bolsheviki. It carries with it a note of menace which cannot be translated, and therefore, in speaking of modern Russia, it is necessary to use the Russian word itself.

at one in the morning, it left me on the platform still arguing the point with a porter with a one-track mind.

A glance at the station dining-room, with its three long tables covered with worn-out oilcloth, its dingy buffet at one end and wet and muddy tile floor, determined me to venture into the town to find a room rather than form one of the multitude spending the night in the steaming atmosphere of the station. And this led to a second step in the process of introducing an already somewhat disconcerted American to contemporary Russia. Outside the station I found a surly-looking isvóschik whose droshki sagged very much to one side and seemed on the point of complete dissolution. I started out with him, however, and for an hour we rode in pitchy darkness over a cobblestone road covered with a liberal top layer of mud. Finally we reached the centre of the town and drew up in front of the main hotel. Much pounding at the door aroused a dishevelled individual within sufficiently to inform us that there were no rooms left. It proved the same with the remaining three hotels in descending order of respectability. Finally, after much weary wandering between rows of low white houses looking like ghosts in the blackness, and past several white Russian churches whose five onion-shaped domes seemed to tower over us immensely high, the droshki suddenly stopped. I alighted to ask for lodging at a small and very respectable-looking house. Repeated summons brought to the door a young, good-looking peasant woman with the usual brown shawl over her head, and as solidly constructed as the rock of Gibraltar. She peered out of a crack in the door and reluctantly admitted that she had a room. I demanded to see it before saying I would take it, such being the custom in

similar cases in America. Instantly the door slammed closed and we heard the woman going back up the stairs. The isvóschik now began insistently demanding three times the fare agreed upon, but we postponed that question until the matter of the room was settled. Redoubled hammering and banging on our part brought the woman back, but this time the conversation was carried on through the door, the upper half of which was glass. I endeavored to explain that I was an American and wished to see the room before taking it, a request that was only acceded to after another flight up the stairs. When the door was finally opened, the expression of suspicion and terror on the face of the woman was startling. As I entered, the isvóschik pushed in behind me against her voluble protests, which she backed up by physical force without avail. He ensconced himself inside while I looked at the room. On my return to pay the man he demanded four times the fare. I endeavored not to be bullied, but the woman seized hold of me and implored me to pay and to pay quickly. The isvóschik stepped out on the stoop. As I followed the door slammed behind me and I saw her terrified face peeping out through the glass. I heard a whistle and on looking down the street saw three or four figures stealing out from apparently nowhere and approaching us silently. The isvóschik addressed a remark to me in Russian, which I gathered to mean, "Now will you pay?" and the force of his argument seeming to me unanswerable, I paid up, and slipped back through the door which was held open just far enough for me to squeeze in.

I rather expected, now that there was no danger from the outside, to find my hostess more easy in her mind and willing to talk a little and get me the few things I needed

in my room. But she remained as distant and aloof as before, with the one idea apparently of getting out of my company as soon as possible. It was the same the next morning. She let me out early, still looking at me with the utmost distrust and even hostility, and was evidently greatly relieved to get rid of so undesirable a guest as myself.

The fear written on the face of my landlady had been fear of the isvóschik and his proletarian friends, who were obviously the real masters of the city of Vólogda. But entirely apart from this in her whole attitude and bearing towards me, there had been a settled antagonism and suspicion which did not relax in the slightest degree up to the last moment I spent in her house. It was the first evidence I had met of the strong tendency of Russians to dislike strangers and to question their motives and disbelieve their words. It gave me a clue to a quality which permeates Russian life, a quality common to all classes of Russian society, in which lies much of the tragedy of Russia—the inrooted inability of the people to trust one another, the instinct to assume the worst about all with whom they come in contact.

To be in a crowd and yet alone is the worst kind of loneliness. After waiting about in the throng at the station all the following morning, I endeavored, with the aid of a little red dictionary, to extract the news of the day from a nervous little gentleman, with a short brown beard and a rusty-looking great-coat. When he learned that I was bound for Moscow, he became at once exceedingly excited and voluble. Seizing my dictionary he began frantically turning over the pages. Finally he pointed to the word "massacre," and said, nodding his head ener-

getically, "Moscow," and in the same manner conveyed to me the following information—"Fire-Moscow. Famine-Moscow. Slaughter-Moscow." Acting, however, on a cardinal principle of travel in Russia, namely, that things in the next town are never so bad as they are painted, I soon found myself, with a German colonist and a young artillery officer for company, in a train due to start in five or six hours. The baggage had completely and mysteriously disappeared so there was nothing for it but to go on without it. The next morning I alighted in Moscow. Everything looked very calm at the station, and I was beginning to put down my Vólogda friend as an alarmist, when I ran across some of the other Americans who had preceded me by some days. I learned to my surprise that they had been trying to get into the city for twenty-four hours without success. Their first words were hearty congratulations on my extraordinary skill in getting the baggage to Moscow, and a request for my assistance in reclaiming it from a bodyguard of two soldiers who had accompanied it from Vólogda and would not give it up till my arrival with the check! Hardly had this matter been attended to before a sharp volley of rifle fire indicated that the social revolution was indeed upon us.

A few hours later four Americans were receiving in a most unusual manner their first impressions of the ancient city which, for so many generations, had been the heart and soul of all things Russian; the Moscow where the deeds of Ivan the Terrible and the menace of Napoleon, to us mere far-away legends, had been stern realities, and where the pageant of the coronation of the last of the Romanofs had been held not so many years before.

Our destination was the palatial residence of a wealthy

oil magnate on Smolenski Boulevard, which had been put at the disposal of the American Y. M. C. A. as headquarters for its work with Russian soldiers. With a great bulwark of baggage so disposed as to afford the best possible protection, with the American flag displayed on one side of the droshki and the Red Cross flag on the other and the isvóschik himself proudly wearing the Stars and Stripes on his robe, the circuitous drive around the city began. Every few feet this curious vehicle was stopped by members of the Red Guard, slovenly looking workmen of menacing appearance, armed with rifles. After a few words of explanation as to our character and purpose, however, our droshki was always allowed to pass on. There was nothing very impressive about the appearance of the Red Guard. They were just such men as one would expect to see taking part in an insurrectionary uprising against established government, sure to be put down in a few hours, or at most in a few days, like the draft riots in our own Civil War. Many of them were mere boys. The idea that these men were to wield the real power in Russia for a long time to come had not even occurred to us. That was an idea which needed only to present itself to be immediately rejected as absurd and impossible—as it would have been in America.

On arriving on a side street at one of the main thoroughfares of the city the isvóschik suddenly stopped. A machine gun was firing down the thoroughfare at a group of anti-Bolshevik soldiers in a square at the other end, who were replying by rifle fire. Our isvóschik reasonably hesitated to interpose himself and us between the two fires in order to cross the street. We waited a few minutes in doubt. A crowd of citizens—men, women and

children were huddled at the corner of our street and along the sides of the houses. On seeing the American flag, they waved to us most cheerily and made the most good-humored and friendly comments on our peculiar appearance. When the men operating the machine gun saw our predicament they obligingly ceased firing for a moment and we passed on our way. I began to wonder whether this was a real battle or some sort of strange theatrical demonstration. I had a feeling of unreality which came back to me more than once during the ensuing week of enforced seclusion in a great house on Smolenski Boulevard between the lines of the two factions. From the windows of this stately mansion one could watch curious crowds stealing forth after every volley to see what had happened and loitering about the street corners until a new volley sent them scurrying for shelter. Surely it was a peculiar kind of war that permitted a deputation from the Americans in this conspicuous and strategically located, solidly built building, to go out and expostulate with the sentry on the corner for sending bullets through the window, and receive his apology for his inconsiderate act when he learned that the house was occupied by Americans, who *said* that there was no machine gun on the roof! But the stern reality of the October revolution was brought home by the sight of stretcher bearers going by with the dead and dying.

During the seven days of fighting we had struggled against the idea that the forces of violence could win, that intelligence, order, culture, law, tradition, patriotism were not strong enough in that great city to preserve themselves, and that expected reinforcements from without would not come. It was only after days and days of con-

tinued bombardment and continued bad news from the side with which an American college man's natural sympathies lay, that we had at last to reverse our judgment and accept the unwelcome fact. When the story of Kornilof's cavalry, which was to save the city from the south, proved a myth—when news trickled through that Kerenski was absolutely alone and deserted in Petrograd—when all hope of loyal troops being brought from the front was lost—when finally the Military Academy held by the cadets surrendered—then indeed came a time for sober and anxious thought. The cold and relentless logic of the facts at last left no alternative but to face the new situation honestly—to have done with self-deception. What had seemed to almost every Anglo-Saxon mind in that building utterly impossible, unnatural and preposterous, was now to become the actual and the real. What would it really mean if the force represented by that angry, red-faced peasant, and that slouching, dark-complexioned, shifty-looking workman of the Red Guard became all-powerful in the land? Standing one night, looking in the direction I supposed the Kremlin to be, I saw the sky lit up with the red glare of fire. Was it to be another burning of Moscow—another different kind of Napoleon to destroy and to oppress? Was I to have lived almost under the shadow of the Kremlin, and never to see it? How much of the marvelous old Russia it represented was to survive? The red glare of the fire presaging the Red Terror, brought once more into the heart and mind the feeling of anxiety, uncertainty and fear that had already begun to weaken by familiarity with new surroundings and the habit of seeing strange events.

After a week a truce brought about by the uncondi-

tional surrender of the Burjúi opened the portals of our palatial prison. At last the long-awaited opportunity came to see the city and begin to study its people, to meet and talk with them and try to understand why these things were, and what sort of people were the victors and the vanquished.

With a sense of great relief I approached the Kremlin for the first time to find no outward signs of harm done to it by bombardment. The narrow red stone bridge leading over the Alexander Gardens to the magnificent Red Gate, which breaks the monotony of one side of the Kremlin wall seemed to invite the passer-by to enter, and to hold out a promise of wonderful things within. But on reaching the gate itself I was denied admittance by a heavily armed soldier, who was examining the permits of all who wished to enter. Within the shadow of the gate other soldiers stood or sat around a wood fire carelessly. Having no permit I could go no farther. As I turned to go a big automobile came rolling up to the gate. All sprang instantly to rigid attention. Here were discipline and order at least, and I became acutely conscious that there was a strong central authority which had great power and demanded unquestioning obedience in the city of Moscow that day; an unfamiliar, ruthless, wicked, tyrannous power it might be, but still a power that could not be disregarded, and which rested on something very fundamental in Russian character and Russian conditions.

Turning away from the Red Gate, I wandered through the streets of Moscow, passing here and there hastily improvised trenches and barricades, and every now and then a pool of blood. On all sides were signs of the recent

conflict. The streets and sidewalks were covered with glass from thousands of broken windows. Countless white bullet holes defaced the walls of buildings on street after street; trolley wires were down everywhere. In the centre of the city there was the greater ruin of heavy artillery work. Crowds of people were already moving, delighted to have regained their freedom, though the news of the truce had not reached all parts of the city and intermittent firing was still going on.

A few days after the overturn in a small street not far from the massive buildings of the Moscow University, I found a long queue of people waiting with the extraordinary patience characteristic of Russian crowds. The head of the line was in the modest courtyard of a small red storehouse, and the end of it fully ten blocks away. Idle curiosity prompted me to stop for a moment, but on looking closely at the people I felt ashamed and passed on. The crowd was no ordinary crowd, like one of the many daily growing larger and larger throughout the city, waiting for alcohol or bread. It was composed of every sort of person; stolid peasants in valenki and ragged leather coats, officers with boot and spur wearing the St. George's cross, well-groomed intellectuals with nervous hands, black-bearded, keen-eyed Jews, and long-haired priests with untrimmed beards and awkwardly hanging robes. On the faces of all was the same expression—anxiety and sorrow; except where here and there was a look of beastly morbid curiosity. This was the morgue, the last resort of those unhappy ones who had waited in vain for the return of some friend or relative from the fighting.

Not many days after the victory of the Bolsheviki

over the Burjúi in Moscow a vast crowd gathered in the Red Square. For there in that historic place, under the shadow of the Kremlin and but a few steps from the barbaric Pokrovski Cathedral, around which the sinister spirit of Ivan the Terrible seems still to linger, were to be buried the "heroes of the proletariat," fallen during the week's fighting. Huge red banners were draped over the Kremlin wall, displaying in big white letters the legends "Long live the Soviet Republic," "Long live the Third International," "The Brotherhood of Peoples." The crowd was quiet and orderly, composed mostly of the poorer classes, with officers and well-dressed people conspicuously absent. It filled every corner of the square. Before ten in the morning processions bringing in the dead had begun to pour into the square, converging from all quarters of the city. Hour after hour they passed steadily by. Each procession had its quota of red banners inscribed with Bolshevik battle cries and maxims. The heavy, roughly made coffins, carried high on the shoulders of both men and women, swayed and rocked to and fro. They were carried open, the covers preceding them, carried in the same manner. They seemed countless in number. They were followed by marching crowds of people, walking fifteen or twenty abreast singing, sometimes the solemn chants of the Orthodox Church, so Oriental in character and spirit, sometimes the "International," the great song of the proletarian revolutionists, and sometimes the Marseillaise with appropriate Russian words. The various columns were policed by mounted Bolshevik soldiers and were composed not only of the standard bearers, the coffins and the people, but also of many detachments of victorious Red Guards, and uniformed Bolshevik soldiers.

The people were quiet, respectful and very self-conscious. This was their day. They were anxious to make it as dignified a ceremony as they could.

Lost in this great sea of men and women, so eager and so intent on paying honor to the dead, I, too, felt a sense of exaltation. There was power there, and there was idealism. Reason said it was all wrong—it could not, it must not be more than a temporary phase, a strange trick of fate, a momentary interruption in the regular course of historical development, a warning, a lesson—but not permanent, not lasting. But the contagious emotion in that vast crowd also carried the unmistakable message—"There is something vital here, something human, fundamental—not only for Russia, but for Europe and for America. Study it, understand it, if you would be in the spirit of the age."

Wearied by many hours of walking and standing, I tried to make my way out of the throng. In one of the side streets I found myself hopelessly jammed between a column of Bolshevik soldiers and a row of coffins proceeding slowly toward the Red Square. The procession stopped a moment and put down the open coffins in the street. I walked by them, one after another, and looked in. The faces, cold in death, of women, old men and children stared up at me—innocent victims of a struggle in which they were only pawns. What a strange fate had carried these simple people on the shoulders of the proletariat to a temporary grave under the walls of the Kremlin! These were not soldiers, members of the Red Guard, fighters for liberty, heroes dead in a great cause, to whom this honor was being given. They were chance victims of events being used as part of a great political demonstra-

tion—in a way, as properties in a theatrical spectacle. A brief moment only the coffins rested in the street, and then were again moving slowly on their journey to the singing of the "International." I stood looking after them with no trace left in my heart of the exhilaration and exaltation that I had felt a few hours before when I seemed to be one participating in a solemn expression of the people's triumph, but rather troubled, baffled and confused.

Chance brought me a day or so later on a cold, drizzly day, very slippery underfoot, to the open space in front of the Strastnoi Monastery on the Tverskaya where I encountered another procession, a companion piece to the one on the Red Square—this time the last obsequies of the vanquished. Again the streets were lined with interested and respectful crowds, but there was a hush, a tenseness and a solemnity that had been absent from the last rites of the victors. A large proportion of the crowd were of the middle and upper classes. The uniforms and caps of civil engineers, railway officials and students were in evidence, and well-dressed women were occasionally to be seen. A movement of the crowd threw me into the front row of spectators as the expected procession approached. The chants of the Church were the only sounds to be heard, for the crowd was silent. At the head of the procession walked a row of men and women, arm in arm, making a way among the crowds for those that followed. Though there were some of middle age, most of them were young. I glanced at their drawn and haggard faces and saw there a look of such boundless sorrow, such anguish and grief as I had never seen before. As they passed, my whole heart went out to them with in-

stinctive recognition that they were my own kind of people and that theirs was a sorrow before which I must bow in silence. Following this first line came a few priests in chasuble and stole, carrying the ikons and incense pots and leading in the singing. There had been no priests at the Red Square. Then followed the coffins, most of them borne on the shoulders of friends and relatives, both girls and older women carrying their share. But one or two of the dead were drawn in the white hearses common in Russia, with a canopy supported by four white pillars over the coffin, and horses decorated with white coverings and white plumes. As the solemn procession moved slowly by, the student cap on the top of many a coffin showed that one or another of these young boys had fallen in this losing battle to save his country from ruin and chaos. There was in the funeral procession of the cadets a spiritual elevation, a purity and nobility of emotion, an absolute sincerity and humanity, which the demonstration on the Red Square lacked because of its political character. Even a crowd in which there were many men filled with bitter hatred and scorn of the Intelligentzia and the Burjúi, watched with bared heads and sympathetic faces till the last coffin had passed. It then broke up silently and quietly without the least hostile demonstration.

Although the change wrought by the October revolution had been enormous—so great in fact that it could not be grasped all at once, but only little by little—still on the surface life did go on much as before. The readjustments in daily life were not great. Americans, doubtfully at first, began to continue the tasks which had brought them to Russia. In a few days most of the wreckage had been cleared from the streets. The ballet

resumed its interrupted performances at the 'Bolshói Teatre.' It had been delayed a week because of the továrishi had stolen the costumes of the dancers, for what purpose it has not to this day been revealed. But when it was given again, it was given beautifully before large and appreciative audiences. I attended one of the first performances under the new régime. There were no evening clothes, no fine uniforms, no display of wealth as there had been under the Czar—but the audience was cheerful, intelligent, and many of the faces in it distinguished. I was fresh from scenes that marked the final overthrow of the social order which had made the ballet possible, scenes which signalized the submission of the educated and cultivated classes to the organized mob, and was a little inclined to feel contempt for their weak resistance. Yet the ballet served greatly to strengthen my admiration and respect and friendly feeling for Russian people of the better classes, first awakened by their personal hospitality and deepened tremendously by the memory of the faces at the cadet funeral. For the ballet, as I saw it there in its own home, was so thoroughly and completely Russian, represented so long a period of development, such rigid and continuous training in the performers, and was in itself such a world of artistic achievement, creative force and distinctive beauty as to make upon me a deep and unforgetable impression. It was the expression of a national culture, worthy and able to live and develop in spite of revolutionary changes, no matter how far-reaching.

One circumstance, however, kept the consciousness of the tremendous happenings of the day ever awake, even in that house of enchantment where the power and

genius of Russian art held one spellbound in wonder and admiration. The Czar's box was empty. The evening before some Bolshevik officials and common soldiers had entered the box, which is situated at the centre of the first balcony. But the outraged audience had arisen and had shown so unmistakably dangerous a resentment as to cause even these sturdy proletarians to withdraw. This could not have been interpreted as a demonstration in favor of monarchy. It could hardly have been called a political demonstration. It was the instinctive revulsion of national pride against the desecration of a place of honor long associated with the head of the Russian state, the official symbol and personification of Russian power, Russian sovereignty, Russian nationalism.

Another glimpse of a group of Russian better class people was afforded in the audiences at the Art Theatre where one beheld the most perfect expression of Russian dramatic art. A company of actors trained from childhood to work together presented in the most charming and finished manner the great plays of Gorky, Turgeniev, Tchekof, each ideally cast and flawlessly staged. The diction was beautiful, the enunciation perfect, giving the fullest expression to the marvelous richness of the Russian language. At these performances for the first time it became possible for me to understand the love of Russians for their language and their pleasure in hearing the words of the masters of Russian style in the mouths of actors trained and competent to give all the shades and niceties of meaning intended by the writers, and lose none. The audience was half the play, sitting in rapt attention while the familiar scenes unfolded before them once more with all their striking and sometimes bitter

realism, the vagaries and contradictions, the strength, aspirations and weaknesses, the kindness and cruelty, the enthusiasm and the fatalism of Russian character. How bitter was the moral of Tchekof's "Cherry Garden" to that audience at that time, and how perfectly that audience exemplified what the author was trying to teach them! Between the acts everyone walked around and around in one direction in the foyer, engaging in lively and animated conversation, making a social function of the intermission, up to the moment when the third bell announced the beginning of the next act. The women were mostly plainly dressed, few of them were pretty, but all animated and intelligent in appearance. It was the men who made the audience look so different from a similar gathering in America. Uniforms, civilian and military, were almost the rule, and high boots, broad belts with big buckles and Russian coats buttoning tightly around the neck were more common than the conventional dress of the American or European man. The fact that the majority of men wore beards was an added source of difference in the general appearance of the gathering. Audience, play and players were all distinctively Russian, owing little to any foreign influence in their art.

It was hard to picture this audience as representative of the class of oppressors of the people, from which the proletariat had just freed itself, and harder still when a later and closer acquaintance with them gave the opportunity for making a true estimate of their motives, their qualities and their defects. Something of the shadow under which they were now living, in spite of their brave show of cheerfulness and confidence, was revealed by a small incident which befell me on my way home one

evening to Smolenski Boulevard. Walking along one of the great boulevards which encircle Moscow, making its plan look like a spider web, I overtook a well-dressed woman going in the same direction. There was nothing in her appearance to denote particular wealth or standing, but she was evidently a lady, and reasonably well off. As I passed she looked at me doubtfully and then asked to walk along with me as I was going her way. After a few words, my unmistakable Russian showed her that I was an American. She hesitated a moment and then said in a peculiar tone, half of envy, half of sadness—"Ah! that is fortunate for you; you are an American, *they* won't touch you." No, of course not, *they* wouldn't touch *me*, yet if I had been a Russian, I too would have been a hated Burjúi, and for me also the terror would have been real, the threat ever present. For her, whatever had been her way of life and whatever her feelings toward the people, there was no appeal from the terrible word. To understand this fear of what *"they"* might do, and would do if they got the chance, and to appreciate who *"they"* were was to begin to understand one side of what the October revolution meant in a personal and human way.

The Kremlin remained closed for some time, but at least one great monument of the past was open even under the new régime, the wonderful gallery where Tretiakof, the Russian Maecenas, had gathered the best of Russian painting. Where, outside of Italy, in all the world, could any nation show a wealth of paintings so truly national in spirit, so wonderful in quality? Their magnificent portrayal of Russian history and of the varied phases of Russian life and character, from the earliest times when the fierce Cossacks warred against

the Turks down to our own day, disclosed a national tradition that could not be destroyed by any dogma of internationalism, and which must, in part at least, survive any cataclysm no matter how tremendous. The Czar, personifying as he did an outworn system based on unspeakable injustice and cruelty, had indeed been swept away. But other results of centuries of national development could not be so easily brushed aside. After the fall of the Czar, men had been fired with enthusiasm and hope that a free government could immediately be established, under which the national genius would have free and unrestricted development. But in place of a common enthusiasm in the task of establishing a new Russia on the ruins of the old had come bitter dissension and hatred. When it fell to my lot to touch the forces of modern Russia, men had come into power who were seeking to break down the orderly sequence of historical development and destroy every vestige of the social order which had emerged as the result of that wonderfully rich and varied history so vividly portrayed in the pictures of the Tretiakof Gallery. The blind struggle of that social order, weakened and undermined by the titanic struggle against Germany, to continue its normal life and growth, and preserve itself against its enemies, had resulted in such turmoil and confusion, such passion and prejudice and nervous tension, that no man could predict what the next day would bring forth. No man could justly interpret the events of the day until by the passage of time he could see them in a right perspective.

The first few short weeks of experience had shown me two groups of men, seemingly worlds apart, with no apparent point of contact. What had the lady on Smolenski

Boulevard, the audiences at the Ballet and the Art Theatre, the cultivated and the intelligent, the Burjúi, in a word, in common with the red-faced peasant soldier at the small Siberian station, my unwilling hostess in Vologda, and the thousands who marched in the Red Square? Was there nothing to bind them together? Was it possible that class war was normal and natural in Russia, that Russian history had produced two kinds of men instead of one, that it was not enough to say of a man that he was a Russian, but that one must add either Burjúi or proletarian? To answer these questions in the affirmative was to deny every American instinct, to say that democracy was possible only in some favored spots in the world and could not be applied universally, to condone the inevitable horrors of class war. It was, in fine, to become a theoretical if not a practical Bolshevik, or else to accept the old Russian absolutist theory in its baldest form. To answer in the negative was to defy the apparent logic of the facts.

Perplexed by these problems I entered one Saturday evening the great Cathedral of the Redeemer, whose gilded dome towers high over the Moscow River, not far from the Kremlin, and whose beautiful proportions and dignified lines belie its really tremendous bulk. It was Lent. The priests, clad in black to mark the solemn nature of the time, were intoning the evening service in wonderfully deep and rich voices. The whole church was filled to overflowing with people, following the service with great attention, bowing and making the sign of the cross as demanded by the ritual with the deepest reverence and earnestness. The evening light, shining through the high stained glass windows of the western transept, shed a

soft and quiet glow upon the rich red marble of the round arches opposite and on the gentle colors of the four great paintings surrounding the central space where part of the ritual was performed. The people were of every sort. Many of them were just like those who had taken part in the burial of the cadets. But the majority were like the crowd that had thronged the Red Square in honor of the victors. Here all were assembled together. Here there was a bond of unity. They were all believers in the Orthodox Faith, they were all *Russians,* and at that moment I saw that the bonds of religion and of race were stronger than differences of class, that there was and always would be a Russian church and a Russian nation, that unity, though more difficult of attainment here than anywhere in the world, was possible and would come to Russia though no one could tell how or at what cost of suffering.

There had been no priests at the funeral at the Red Square, but it was not the plain people and the peasants who had kept them away. It was another force in which the majority of the people then believed. It was something different, something that used, but was not of the people. It was the force, active, dominating, purposeful, which had maintained discipline and order in Moscow after the Burjúi had been defeated. It was the force that had made the soldiers at the Red Gate spring so promptly to attention. It was the force whose domination and direction at the funeral in the Red Square had made of it the political and theatrical demonstration that it was. It was the force of which the lady in Smolenski Boulevard stood in terror and called *"they."*

And so the problem no longer seemed to present itself as the struggle between two entirely different kinds of

men, each growing out of Russian history and having deep roots in Russian life and tradition, but as a struggle between three great forces, each very complex, each an unequal combination of bad and good, each demanding the closest study before any reasonable judgment could be made. In its broadest and necessarily most general terms, for it is madness to try to reduce modern Russia to any formula, it became the task of an American observer to understand and interpret as far as his experience permitted him to do so, three great distinctive elements in modern Russia—the Masses, the Bolsheviki and the Intelligentzia.

II.

THE MASSES

IN the weeks following the October revolution, during the period of Armistice at the front when the Peace Delegates of old Germany and new Russia were engaged in the most remarkable diplomatic contest of history at Brest-Litovsk, there poured through the streets of Moscow a very unusually interesting throng of men. It was the Russian Army going home. The soldiers simply took their small possessions and went home individually. Standing on the Arbat, a main artery between the Alexandrofski and the Nikolaevski stations, it was my fortune to watch day after day the endless procession of soldiers trudging the long miles between the trains that brought them from the front to those that might take them back to the villages from which a rude hand had dragged them years before. Trudging along doggedly, tired from great hardships of travel, loaded down with sacks and bags in which were their every possession, hampered by a rifle and generally by a large tea-kettle, and looking very awkward in their heavy felt boots or valenki, they presented to me my first real picture of the masses

of Russia. The army passing there before me was n
longer an army as such, but an army broken up into it
component parts, each man once more an individua
acting for and by himself. Two types at least were clearl
distinguishable to a casual observer. The grizzled, weathe
beaten peasant, powerful of body and showing on hi
bearded face the signs of long years of tremendous phys
ical hardship, and a second, more unsuspected typ
younger, clean shaven, pale, with lack-luster eye, ope
mouth and stupid and empty expression. Looking neithe
to the right nor to the left they pressed on their way
intent only on one thing—to get home. They were silen
for the most part until the station was reached, when
fierce scramble for a foothold on the train gave ampl
occasion for that forceful and picturesque eloquence o
which every Russian is capable. These endless throng
of men, all animated by one overwhelming desire, an
determined at whatever cost to attain it, gave by thei
concentration of purpose, as well as by the force of thei
numbers, the impression of a tremendous, an irresistibl
power. I watched them again in Petrograd and othe
cities many times. In the indescribable confusion of th
Warsaw station in Petrograd, I once called out to
group of soldiers shouldering their way out to the stree
"Where are you bound?" They all answered, wavin
their hands and grinning from ear to ear, "Home," an
there was such a ring of joy and hope in that one wor
that the sound of it will remain always in my memory
Everything else was swallowed up in that one burnin
desire. Who could now turn back this tide to fight th
Germans or anyone else? Who would explain to these me
the international significance of what they were doing

They were going "home"—what was the hope of Constantinople, the danger to Paris, the threat of German militarism, the Freedom of the Seas to them? They were going "home," back to the villages from which they came, back to the heart of Russia, back to the land they loved and the life they understood and the families they had left long since, for what reason they knew not. To watch them day after day as they passed by in endless procession was to know that the Great War for Russia was over. It was to know more than that. It was to feel that the war was over because of the inexpressible weariness of the people. The driving power which had held them together for so long and against so many hardships had relaxed its hold. Organization and morale had disappeared. It was not demobilization, it was disintegration—it was a melting away like frost before the sun. As I watched these men, I knew that what I saw before me meant that thousands, and it then seemed in all probability hundreds of thousands, of my own fellow countrymen must die in France, and that the cause that at that dark moment seemed more than ever just and holy was imperiled. Yet I could feel no anger and no desire to judge, only a desire, if possible, to understand. But to understand what was going on about me, it was necessary in some small measure at least to know these men, for they and those like them formed the masses—the material out of which Russian power was built, the foundation on which rested all the complex structure of Russian life. They were at once the result and the explanation of that age-long tragedy which Russian history unfolds, and at the same time the sure and glorious hope for the future day when Russia shall come into her own.

Just before the Russian Christmas Day an opportunity did come to meet these men in a human and natural way. It came for the first time, as it often did thereafter, through travel. I set out, with another American, on a trip to visit the soldier huts run by our countrymen at the front with the Tenth Army. Three hours of struggle at the railroad station in Moscow had apparently been in vain. The chances of getting within shouting distance of the train to Minsk seemed to have been reduced to a minimum, until an enterprising nossílschik—such as can always be found even under the most impossible conditions—came to our assistance. He led us by a circuitous route around the station yard, and through and under an imposing number of trains to the last car of our train. As we emerged in sight of the crowds penned behind a fence at the end of the platform because the train was full, I heard once more the angry murmur against the Burjúi and special privilege. Why should we not wait our turn as others did? But this time I was one among a group of fighting soldiers, making common cause with them against those inside the train for a foothold, and had conceived a warmer sympathy for the red-faced peasant on the Siberian siding than I had thought possible. A perilous lodgment on the rear platform was the reward of our persistence. After hours of waiting, the third bell rang at last, and the passengers called out that word of comfort and relief which will ever be remembered with affection by every traveler in modern Russia—"Poiékhali," "We have started."

Twelve hours of intermittent effort brought us from the rear platform to the compartment for which, in our exceeding great innocence, we had bought reserved

tickets. It was occupied by thirteen, but it was a satisfaction to Americans to "have attained the objective." Hitherto the soldiers over whose bundles and bodies we had crawled, on whose shoulders we had slept, and whose slumber we had disturbed from time to time, had looked upon us with quite natural unconcern and indifference. But as we took up our places humbly before the door of the compartment for which our foolish-looking reserved tickets called, and surveyed its thirteen inhabitants in the grey light of the December morning, the ice was at last broken. An officer, who, with three other intelligent-looking men and one lady, formed the non-proletarian part of the delegation, was pouring out some weak-looking tea from his kettle into a dirty enamel cup. Some kind fate brought to the lips of my companion a Russian proverb learned with untold pain on the steamer, "to drink tea is not to saw wood." Such of the soldiers as were awake burst into laughter and soon tea, sugar, bread and even butter were produced. When it developed that we had not lain down all night, the three soldiers slumbering in one of the upper berths were routed out and we ensconced in their stead. When it further developed that we were bound on a mission to help the soldiers at the front, we found ourselves the centre of a curious but friendly circle. We were addressed as 'továrish' or 'comrade,' and I wondered what my Vladivostok friend would think to see me thus, as it were, admitted to the number of those whose very name struck terror to her heart. The soldiers began to tell how they were coming home, just in time for Christmas, having heard nothing for from two to four years of their villages and families. They told about what fine houses they had, of their

children, Misha and Vasa, and of their wives and sweethearts. And then they told about how they had fared at the front, and how their winter uniforms had come in summer, and about the terrors of the field hospitals, and their own exploits, and how, when they had half a chance, they tore up the German lines. And they wondered whether peace would really come, but some said it made little difference to them for they would never go back. Some said they were on leave, and others told how all their regiment had gone on leave and how few had gone back. One soldier said that there would always be soldiers on the front as long as there was no fighting and food was supplied. But mostly they talked about their villages and their animals and their soil. They had many miles to go with horses after their stations were reached, but were very cheerful. At each station some left, and it seemed as if I were watching Russia reach out and absorb her own again—each seemed to be drawn irresistibly as by a magnet to his own appointed place, his own piece of Russian soil.

Could these men be the terrible továrishi of whom I had heard? Surely the továrish must be a man like other men, in whom kindliness and human sympathy are found as much as in other men, even though often hidden deep and hard to reach. But still I could not forget what I had already seen, and it was with mixed feelings that I came to the next step leading toward a comprehension of the character of the Russian masses.

On the outskirts of the city of Minsk, whose mixed population of Russians, Poles and Jews gives it a curiously un-Russian appearance, a hut was built by American generosity and American devotion for the use of the

Russian soldiers. It was just such a hut as those of whose work on the great Western front so much has been written. Its construction was beset by difficulties of which a man of American traditions and experience has little comprehension. But at last, in spite of delays, objections, fault-finding and obstruction of every sort, added to great physical obstacles, it stood complete at the close of December 1917. The cheery light of its windows shining out on the deep snow under which everything lay buried was a welcome and an invitation in itself. Within, every evening, crowded the soldiers from the barracks around Minsk. It had been hard to get them there at first, but little by little they came to use this place more and more. Although they were no longer really soldiers, for they had no thought of fighting, and discipline was gone, yet they were men sorely in need of some place to gather, some healthy occupation to pursue. Classes were held in reading and writing. Some soldiers were pitifully eager and grateful for the chance to mount at least the first steps of the ladder of education, so hopelessly out of the reach of their fathers, and their fathers' fathers. But so far as the majority were concerned, the effort seemed only to show the crushing power of that inertia against which only the exceptional man can struggle successfully in Russia.

It was in this hut that, a few days after my trip from Moscow, a real and vital content was given to a phrase that I had often heard applied to the peasants, but had never fully understood—"children with the passions of men." As part of the Christmas festivities a play was to be given, and for this play a piano was absolutely necessary. At the appointed time the hall was crowded with

soldiers waiting with remarkable patience for the curtain to go up. But the essential piano was lacking. The only available instrument was unfortunately in the possession of Poles, between whom and the Russians there was no love lost. We had with difficulty persuaded them to allow the Russians to use it on this occasion, but when the crucial moment arrived it was not forthcoming. Racial prejudice had proved too strong. This seemed to me rather discouraging, but by no means a threat of disaster, and I took it as a matter of course that the play would proceed without the music, as the soldiers had already been kept waiting long. But the composer of the music and the play vigorously seconded by all the actors refused point-blank to have any play at all unless they could have the piano, and, although they had every opportunity of knowing the facts, they poured out upon the Americans long-sustained and vehement abuse. So it was finally decided to abandon the plan and one of the Americans stepped on the stage to announce that the play could not be given and to request the men to withdraw, announcing that there would be movies the next day. No one moved. The request was repeated. A man called out: "We won't go." "They told us this was *our* club, and now they try to drive us out." "We want the play." "It's a lie about the piano." "We won't be driven out." "Let's burn the club—down with it." "Burn it." It was evident that the least sign of temper or impatience or lack of tact would be the spark needed to set off the conflagration. It was nip and tuck whether there was to be a serious outbreak or whether the men could be appeased. Happily better counsel prevailed, and the men left, though grumblingly, and the next night seemed to

have entirely forgotten that they had so lately vowed vengeance and threatened to burn the hut. The anxiety on the faces of the Russians who were assisting at the hut had clearly shown me that they perfectly understood that the mujiks, especially in crowds, do not reason and when once they are roused to fury will stop at nothing, that in many respects they are children, but that their passions are the passions of men.

I walked home that cold winter night thinking over what had happened. The words: "They do not think, they do not think at all," were running through my head, and I tried to imagine what it must mean to a country in the greatest crisis in its history to have three-quarters of its people men who do not think. I was prepared for ignorance. It did not surprise me when a young man on a train asked me if South America lay near Archangel. It did not surprise me to find that a bright-looking peasant woman had never heard of the ocean and had no idea where Moscow and Petrograd were. It did not surprise me to find that most of the peasants would scoff at the idea that the earth was round. It is not the Russian peasant's fault that he does not know these things. They lie wholly outside his life. He has lived thousands of years under a rule that wanted him to be ignorant and forced him to be ignorant. But that winter night at Minsk was the first time that I began to realize what these centuries of oppression and darkness had done in keeping the peasant from thinking, and how many years must pass before this great mass of men can be raised to a position worthy of the wonderful richness of their soil and their own splendid though undeveloped manhood.

A few days after the incident of the hut had awakened

in me a sense of the unreasoning mass-force that lies in every crowd of Russian peasants, waiting for a leader to turn it this way or that, I was riding in a small freight car with thirty or more soldiers, slowly trundling out toward the front. I had taken up my post at the door, which was open just enough to get a glimpse of the dreary snow-covered country through which we went. Suddenly a young soldier next to me called out excitedly and pointed at a moving object in a field near the train. He flung the door wide open so that all could see, and instead of being alone and the object of curious and silent scrutiny, I became one of the crowd, interested in a common and absorbing outside interest—a rabbit. I was grateful to this rabbit. He made a splendid starting point for talk with the soldiers, and it was not long before I knew from what government and volost each one came, and they knew I came from America. America—it seemed almost a magic word. They wished to go there. There all was better than here. Some of the soldiers had friends there and were eager to hear if the glowing reports they had heard about it were true. They asked me for the first time a question which was put to me hundreds of times afterwards, "What does America think of our revolution?" It was asked in a very self-conscious, eager sort of tone. The men seemed hardly sure of themselves, but underneath one perceived their deep feeling of pride in the fact that they had made themselves free men. They seemed to have heard of America as a land of free democracy, and they seemed to look instinctively and with a touching trustfulness to an American for approval of what Russia, youngest of democracies, was trying to do. And so I tried to say that America welcomed freedom

everywhere and was immensely happy when the Czar was overthrown, but that America thought that it was a mistake to make a social revolution by violence and take other people's things away from them by force, because she had found another and a better way of changing things, although it took her many years to do so. And I told how we too had had a long struggle to set up a real free government, but that there was no need for a revolutionary class in America, because its people had the right to change their rulers and their government without bloodshed. And so the talk ran on. The faces of the men showed at first doubt and suspicion, but later they nodded their heads in approval and before long I seemed to feel that they were all on my side, and that after all I had done them wrong in judging them from those few shouters at the hut. But just when the greatest cordiality that an imperfect knowledge of the language permitted, seemed established and those who were talking with me seemed to have at least in part understood what I wanted to say, a man from the back of the car stepped forward and began to harangue and inveigh against me as a Burjúi trying to corrupt the peasants, and against America as a land of capitalists and oppressors. Now all the soldiers turned away from me, assented with equal readiness to all he said, and all nodded their heads in approval as point by point he expounded the diametrical opposites of the ideas that I had been innocent enough to think I had just implanted in the minds of four or five Russian peasants. Of course they were not accustomed to think at all about such things, and perhaps the impression of what he said remained with them no longer than the impression of what I said. But still, in spite of the

disillusionment it brought, that conversation left me the certainty that there was deep down in the souls of these men a blind groping about for something better than they had known before, a love of freedom, which, however it might be warped by passion and greed and twisted into hatred of everything that could be made to seem to represent the old oppression, was nevertheless in its essence a good thing, a noble thing.

Near the front Americans had built another hut a little apart from one of those countless villages, as like each other as two peas, which are the most characteristic and important thing in Russia. There I first became acquainted with Russian children. It was Christmas. Outside the dry, steady cold of a Russian winter night held everything in its grip and cut one to the bone. The moon rising behind one of the scattered clumps of trees that dotted the countryside here and there shed its soft light on the untouched snow mantle that covered all, and showed in clearest outline the scattered thatched houses of the peasants with their hayricks and fences around them. There was quiet and peace inexpressible, and all the anger and discouragement and fear and hope that racks the heart and brain of a man struggling to live and work in revolutionary Russia seemed to give way to a sense of the vastness and the power of that great country whose hundred thousand villages lay all around as far as the imagination could reach, sunk in the same quiet, bathed in the same calm moonlight—silent and unseen, but yet speaking unmistakably, thrillingly, to the imagination and the heart. It may be that a man from foreign lands can come closer to an understanding of the soul of Russia as he stands alone on a winter night looking across

her snowy acres, letting her speak to him in her own wonderful way, than at any other time or place.

Inside preparations were under way for a jolly evening. A Christmas tree decked in gayest tinsel and sparkling with candles spread good cheer around. The children of the surrounding villages were coming to celebrate the Christmas festival. Soon they began to arrive, bringing in with them as they passed the door the wintry outdoor air which rolled in like a cloud of steam. They were sturdy children with strong bodies and lusty lungs—a fact disclosed after the briefest of intervals. The little girls with shawls neatly wound over their heads and wrapped around their necks, and thick woolen dresses and felt boots, looked like miniature reproductions of their mothers, and some of the little fellows with leather fur-lined hats three times too big, with great awkward earcaps, seemed quite lost in their great valenki, which came up almost to their chins like seven-league boots. All eyes were at once directed in joy and admiration to the tree, and at first, especially before all had arrived, there seemed a most uneasy feeling of shyness and embarrassment, especially among the girls. Under the command of a Russian master of ceremonies, however, the children soon were singing their own country songs and the walls shook to the stamping of feet, and the very unmelodious but enthusiastic chorus of children's voices. Dance followed song, everyone itching to take part, and then there came a lot of games which corresponded to our own "Ring around a Rosy." The girls were carefully separated from the boys and their games were milder and less in the nature of a contest. It was a delight to watch them. Their bright, eager faces were lit up with happiness, though,

if they caught your eye, they were instantly crimson with confusion. They were marshalled by what I took to be a most genial fat boy in high black boots and uniform, but who actually turned out to be one of Bochkareva's Battalion of Death. Even in their games they were docile and disciplined. The boys on the other side of the Christmas tree were having an hilarious time and the confusion was too great to make it possible for me really to understand the games, but it took no great capacity to understand their bright eyes and flushed faces and appreciate their quickness and alertness. The awarding of prizes and such a repast as the resources of the place allowed ended a happy evening. When the excitement of the game was over, the shyness I had noticed at first returned in full force, and all were reluctant to move till someone else took the lead.

During the evening I asked about the schools and learned that the schools, such as they were, were closed, because of unsettled conditions and because we were so near the front. My heart sank as I looked at those bright faces and thought of all the other children like them who were denied what had been so generously bestowed on me and my country, the right to learn and grow in mind as well as in body. What a terrible policy had been that of the Czars to crush and keep down and starve this most glorious of all the assets of Russia, its bright and active children. And now I knew, as I had not known before in a sense so real and vital, that the fundamental need of Russia lay, not in this or that form of political organization, not in armies or assemblies, but in schools. Schools alone could save each new generation in its struggle to preserve the freshness of youth and the enthusiasm and

interest with which it met the world against the crushing inertia and darkness and ignorance and deadly sameness of its inheritance. Many times, as I traveled throughout Russia and watched the Russian boy doing a man's work, hewing wood and carrying water, driving his father's sleigh to market, or in the cities about the market place, or even as a soldier, I found a brightness and ingenuity, a spring and alertness that seemed so supremely worth saving that it was heartbreaking to see that it could not last in the conditions that surrounded it. After a certain age youth seemed utterly quenched and the boy so full of hope and promise became the stolid mujik that his father was before him.

This stolidity of the Russian mujik and his patience and endurance had from the first struck me forcibly. I had wondered at the uncomplaining men and women, with their numbers in line marked in chalk on their backs, who stood for hours in the city streets waiting for their turn to buy alcohol or bread. But custom soon makes strange things seem natural, and it was with a shock that I was recalled by two striking contrasts to a vivid sense of the dullness and lifelessness of the faces around me all the time. I was in a crowded railroad station near the front and was looking idly at the bearded peasants around me, listening to their endless talk about their villages and their gossip about this family and that and the price of oats and hay and their complaints about the lack of order now prevailing, when a man in a Russian subaltern's uniform, standing with his back to me, turned around and looked at me. I was startled to see two bright blue eyes, pink cheeks and a face of great intelligence and vivacity. It was a face that anywhere but there

I would have thought pleasant but by no means remarkable. But against that background among Russian peasants it stood out like a thing apart so distinctly that I shall never forget it. The man glanced at me and then his eyes twinkled and his face broke into a smile of amusement. Of course it was amusing for a German in a Russian uniform, behind the Russian lines, to recognize an American in a crowd and know the recognition was mutual and yet that the American could do nothing about it. It was painful evidence that Germany had won the Great War in Russia, a victory that then seemed terribly ominous for the Allied cause. But it was not the fact that the man was a German that seemed important to me then. It was simply the contrast between an intelligent European face and the peasant face that was the important thing. To an observer of Russia, looking for something tangible on which to base the hope and faith in a great free Russian nation which somehow had grown strong within him, the striking difference was a stern reminder of the long process of development that must precede any change in the great mass of Russian people now so deeply sunk in ignorance and so untouched by the active influences that were bringing about change and progress in the outside world.

This contrast was only the more forcible when seen on a grander scale at the front itself. I stood in the front line Russian trenches during this period of truce, looking across first at the well-kept German lines, where constant activity was evident and where there rested a well-oiled fighting machine, and then back at the Russian trenches, filled with snow except for a little burrow every thirty or forty yards or so big enough for three or four men, and

gradually becoming a mere useless incoherent tangle behind broken and rotting barbed wire defenses. This was the end of the Great War in Russia. On the Russian side the unifying force which had made of the Russian peasants the glorious armies that had fought so gallantly and so long had ceased to exist and here was the result.

Perhaps this strangest of all military fronts was of no significance in forming a judgment about the masses of Russia, but it did form a very significant setting for another little scene which, like the meeting with the German in the railroad station, deepened my sense of the primitiveness and simplicity of the Russian peasant. With a party of Russians and some other Americans I passed through the now meaningless and pitiful Russian defenses, over a well-trodden path across No-Man's Land to the German trenches. Just outside the ten rows of electrically charged barbed wire entanglements before the German lines and at the end of a communication trench stood the German store for which we were bound. Its door faced the German lines so that every Russian who entered must pass in view of the armed sentinel posted in the communication trench. We entered and watched the Russian soldiers one after another come in to trade their bread for vodka, watches, knives and other German ware. The precise, active motions of the Germans in the store, their clear-cut tones, their military bearing and air of authority contrasted strongly with the shuffling gait of the Russian peasants, and their coarse voices, lusty laughter and slipshod appearance. It was easy to believe the story that one company had sold a machine gun to the Germans, for they were exchanging bread for vodka

before my eyes, when bread was so hard to find and so many were hungry.

On retracing our steps back to the Russian side I saw a sign-board half fallen over to one side. I went up and read the words already made familiar to me in the Red Square in Moscow, and destined to have a meaning stranger and more sinister as time went on—"Down with War!" "Long live the Brotherhood of Peoples!" But here this little sagging sign-post, placed over the remnants of the abandoned Russian outworks, making a piteous appeal to the invader and conqueror opposite, did in truth speak the heart of the Russian masses. They longed for peace. War had been terrible and meaningless for them. They had no stake in it. Whatever power placed that sign there on the edge of No-Man's Land and made those words the first rallying cry to bring the people under its banners was a power that understood the heart of the people. That it used its knowledge skilfully for its own purposes and its own advantage did not mean that the masses were not simple and honest in their desire for peace, and it was surely not without significance that the "Brotherhood of Peoples" should seem to the Russian peasant a simple and a natural thing.

The impression of utter disorganization and demoralization left by the front itself was modified somewhat when we returned to a small village some miles back to arrange for sledges to take us further on our way. The village was typical of many I was to see later on. The main street was wide and straggling with here and there a little store and a few houses which boasted a gable roof and whose white window frames and well-kept fences showed some degree of prosperity. Most of the houses

were the ordinary one-story log cottages ingeniously put together without the use of nails or mortar and covered with heavy mud or thatched roofs, many of which were green with moss growing on top. In the centre of the village stood a brick church, looking very bare and dreary in its commanding position, but showing that this was a place of some importance. Its double cross, indicating the sect of Old Believers, seemed to mark it as part and parcel of an earlier time, and was a constant reminder of a great and almost forgotten struggle that once shook Russia to her foundations. Half hidden in a clump of trees, a little apart from the village, stood the home of the barin, a charming brick house with green blinds and white pillars supporting the porch up to which a driveway led. It was deserted but it spoke of that delightful country life which had made Russia one of the chosen spots in all the world for those who knew and loved it, but which had ceased to exist within the past few months. The barin's house, apart from the village, yet dominating it and ruling it, now stood empty—not only here near the front but all over Russia. The village seemed dormant. Yet a little life was stirring here and there. An occasional train of sledges, low and broad with wooden runners, slid by drawn by shaggy horses with huge Russian yokes and covered with frost. The peasants drove generally standing up and kept their balance with quite extraordinary skill as they went bumping over the rough road, sledge, horse and driver seeming integral parts of one whole. Sturdy young peasant women with pink cheeks and round cheerful faces, carrying two buckets of water by means of a wooden bar across the shoulders, trudged by occasionally, keeping up a lively and voluble chatter all the time. Children were playing

about here and there, and pigs, apparently a privileged class, were rubbing up against the houses or going in and out of the courtyards and getting generally in the way. But on the whole there was quiet and dullness inexpressible. Everything in the village seemed to get as close to the ground as possible and from a little distance it looked like just a part of nature rather than a habitation of men.

It was not my fortune to see or understand this Russian village life. I could only scratch the surface. Once or twice I entered a Russian peasant cottage to warm myself at the great whitewashed brick oven, which seemed to fill the whole house. The interiors were all very much alike. In one corner there always hung an ikon, before which the peasants respectfully uncovered and crossed themselves on entering. A chest, in which were stored the fine wedding and festival garments, products of many hours of painstaking labor, was usually one of the main features of the room. I stayed only long enough to drink a glass of tea from the merrily singing samovar, to exchange a few friendly words with the matron of the house, or to strike a bargain with some cheery old 'uncle' to carry us further on our way early the next morning. In the street of one of the villages near the front, I met a funeral coming from the church—and again the lugubrious chanting of those two great Moscow funerals rang in my ears. Two priests, intoning as they went, came first, their robes dragging in the mire, and they were followed by the usual white open hearse and by four or five relatives of the dead. I was to see this many times, but it always left a weird impression, for there was in it something of the non-European, of the Oriental, so marked in Russian character. Once, I met a crowd of peasants stand-

ing in a ring around a young man with an accordion, who was supplying the music for a jolly peasant dance. A small open circle was left in the middle of the crowd, and one after another the men and girls, and sometimes amid wild applause even the old women, would step forth to dance with an enthusiasm and a lightness of step that made one forget all about the heavy boots and valenki they had on. There were never more than three or four dancing at once, but when one dropped out another stepped in. The onlookers all kept time with clapping of hands and stamping of feet and applauded every particularly agile dancer with the greatest heartiness. The dancing of some of the young men reminded me of the Cossack dances in the ballet, and I had more than one occasion to call out "Well done" and join in the applause. The dance seemed to have some of the elements of the barn dance, combined with all the vigor and strenuousness of an old-fashioned breakdown, but after all we should not try to put English names to a thing that has no parallel with us.

Such contacts as these with the peasant life, slight as they were, were still enough to let me understand the reality of what the great Russian masters have written. The Russian peasant lives again in literature, and, as I stood in one of those desolate village streets in winter time, I could understand the sombre pictures of Nekrasof's poem, "Who can be Happy and Free in Russia?" in which the individual tragedy of each separate type of man and woman that make up the village life is so unsparingly portrayed. I could imagine also the awakening of the village in the spring, the plowing and the sowing and finally the harvest time. For it was in just such a village that Tolstoi's magic word painted Levine living.

From such a settlement as this the peasants sallied forth to the meadows with their scythes to mow field after field with a tireless power and rhythm that thrilled him more than anything Paris or Petrograd could offer.

Often during the months which followed my first visit to a Russian village, I heard, especially from the older peasants, the hale and hearty 'starikí' or elders, the quaint and homely wisdom that had sprung from their own experience, and that of many other generations before them. There was a quality of shrewdness and humor, though not unmixed with curious superstition, in the sayings of the old peasants that made a strong appeal to the affection. Sometimes, in talk with these old 'uncles' or 'grandfathers,' as everyone called them, I caught an expression on their faces of wistfulness and childlike simplicity that seemed strange in these sturdy old fellows with flowing white beards who had ploughed the fields and gathered in the harvests for fifty years or more. They could not understand the new ideas the returning soldiers brought back from the front, and, in the turmoil of the new régime, they forgot the terrors of the old, and many a time I heard them say, shaking their heads, "We need a master! We need order," and sometimes, "We need the Czar." Nor was it alone the old man who hated change. I often heard younger peasants say, "What was good enough for our fathers is good enough for us."

Before I had been long in the region of the front, I had felt the weight of the inertia of the masses, and it had been borne in upon me that the thing that shattered hope and made the future dark was the fact that, even if stirred to action and inspired by a new idea, it was almost inevitable that the peasant should fall back once more to

the general level of hopelessness, of stupidity and indifference, from which he had been aroused. At once an illustration and an explanation of this came to me quite unexpectedly in an incident that occurred during our tour of the front of the Tenth Army. After a long day's ride in a peasant's sledge, lying on the hay at the bottom and trying to keep warm, we arrived at a half-destroyed railway station, not far from the hut for which we were bound. It was already dark, and I looked with wonder at our two drivers as they prepared to return all the way back to their own village that night in the bitter cold and with nothing warm to eat. But they started back as a matter of course, and we set out along the railroad track on foot in the direction of the German lines. Three miles were covered cheerfully in the expectation of good cheer at the end, and at last some lights in the woods indicated that we had arrived. Making our own way through the snow, we pushed forward among the trees, whose trunks were lit up mysteriously by the lights from the windows of the underground dugouts, which rose about six inches from the ground. The long-expected hut was at last discernible, and we knocked at the door, expecting that the next moment we would be warm and comfortable. A cordial American welcome awaited us, but the inside of the hut was as cold as ice, even colder it seemed than outside. All the windows were broken and there was a hole in the roof. The explanation was simply this. In the midst of preparations for an entertainment for the soldiers that afternoon, the roof of the hut had caught fire. Almost immediately a crowd of soldiers surrounded it. The American in charge asked for volunteers to help put out the flames, but was astonished when no one moved. All stood

around staring at the fire and gloomily shrugging their shoulders and hopelessly calling out: "Too bad—there isn't going to be any more club; the hut is burning up, that's bad. It was a fine place and now it's all burning up, there won't be any more club." Surprised, but not disheartened, the American, with the aid of a small boy, himself put out the flames, but not until, for reasons unknown, all the windows had been broken and all the china carefully carried out into the snow. Why did these men act in this way? It was their club. They had helped build it. They used it. They were delighted with it. Their joy was overwhelming when it was saved. But they had not moved a finger to save it. As I lay snugly on my board bed in an artillery dugout thinking it over that night, it seemed very clear to me. I caught myself repeating over and over again, "They are fatalists; they are all fatalists." With their inheritance and surroundings, they could not very well be anything else. To change anything by their own wills had been impossible, and would be impossible. It was fated that the hut should burn, and it would burn in spite of all they could do to the contrary. It was, after all, a survival of the old slave psychology, for they had been slaves, in both fact and form, for centuries, and until recent days slaves in fact still. It was not only on the masses, but on other classes in Russian life as well, that this wretched fatalism, though perhaps in a less simple and obvious form, had set its stamp. The old dictum of Stolýpin, "It was so and it will be so," that so cynically and brutally summed up the prevailing belief that change is impossible, and that a relentless and irresistible fate rules all men, seemed to have sunk deep into the char-

acter of the Russian.[1] Its deadening influence, seen in every class of Russian life, was almost universal in the peasantry. They had not felt as widely or as deeply as other classes of men that magnificent spirit of protest against the denial of man's freedom and power to shape his own destiny that had marked the February revolution or the fierce burning spirit of revolt against all existing institutions of the October revolution. They stood there helplessly watching something that was theirs, and that they needed and wanted, burn down without a movement to prevent it, because they had always accepted the blows of a cruel fate, blows infinitely more hard and bitter to them than this small misfortune, as something beyond their power to change. They were trained, it seemed even created, solely to endure.

In the course of our journey in the region of the front I had seen mostly soldiers, and soldiers living under very abnormal conditions. I had often felt some doubt as to whether it was right to generalize from them about the Russian masses. Towards the end of the trip, when we were already thinking of turning our steps back to Moscow, this doubt at least was set at rest. In the city of Dvinsk, an American professor was giving a demonstrated lecture to an audience of about fifteen hundred soldiers to gain their initial interest in a new soldiers' hut that was being opened in the city. I stood on the stage with him, and had every chance to watch the audience. The American was a commanding figure. He was a big

[1] A striking indication of the new hopes released by the successive revolutions in Russia was the appearance in many store windows of placards bearing the following inscription in red letters, "It was so, but it will *not* be so."

strong Westerner, a missionary, whose life of whole-hearted sacrificial devotion to his work and his cause seemed reflected in his face in characters not even a mujik could mistake. In the first words he said he proved to me that I was right in feeling that these soldiers and the mujiks in the fields and villages were one and the same—that it was right and just to feel that, in touching them, one touched the greatest, though the most slow-moving and most silent of all the forces of Russian life. Stepping to the front of the stage, the American said: "How many of you are farmers? Raise your hands." Every hand in the room went up, every face was wreathed in a broad grin. They were at once all attention and interest. The expression on their rough, embruted faces changed into a sort of open-mouthed uncomprehending wonder as he went on to say, "I was a farmer too—and know what it is to long for an education and knowledge and have it out of my reach, and when finally I did have the chance to learn, I never forgot the farm, and dedicated my life to telling the men from the farm some of the things I learned that they had not the chance to learn." As he went on with his lecture, I was again struck by a certain childlikeness in the faces of the men before me, an extraordinary simplicity in their expressions of astonishment and amusement at what went on before them. I wondered if there really was something there to appeal to—for they seemed for the moment shaken out of their stolidity and indifference. When at the end questions were sent up on little bits of paper, to be read out and answered, they brought me a real conviction that there was in these men fine material for a free people. There were questions about everything under the sun—some showing a belief that the

American who had spoken was some sort of a magician or strange prophet. One read, "When will I die?" But most were simple expressions of thanks to the American professor who had come all that way to tell them what wonderful things there were to be learned, and encourage them in the desire to learn. They said the Russian man was not to blame that he was dark because he had no chance; that they wanted schools and wanted their children to have these things that they could not have; they knew what a mess things would be in in Russia as long as they were so dark—but what could they do? There were many questions about America, especially about freedom and democracy there, and some about the progress of the class war in America. Most of the little notes sent up to us were nearly illegible, but we could make out enough to show us that at least a momentary impression had been made, that way down underneath the crushing inertia and fatalism of the masses there does lie a wonderfully rich mine of aspiration, of hope and of capacity as well.

Wonder, pity, amusement, affection, fear—all had been stirred in me by my short pilgrimage among the Russian peasants. More perhaps than by any other one thing, I had been impressed by the aloofness and separateness of their life from the life of the outside world. It must indeed be a compelling motive that can arouse the mujik, and one that comes close to his own personal life and concerns him and his village intimately. He cares not for abstractions, for general principles, even for his country as a whole. What are the plans of statesmen to him? How could he have interest beyond his village and his district when that village is his life, that district his world? I had

already seen one such motive at work—the overwhelming desire for peace. And another motive, equally strong, equally immediate at the time of the October revolution was the hunger for land. He who has sat hour by hour through long nights in crowded freight cars listening to the talk of the peasants, or stood in the market places as the babi[1] traded and quarreled and laughed together, can truly feel how close to the land they are. All their life is bound up in the changing of the seasons. Once, far off in the eastern part of Siberia, looking down from a little hill at an inexpressibly dreary village, I asked a peasant almost in despair at the thought of the sameness and dullness of the life that must be lived there—"What do you do?" "Do? Why—bread, of course," he said, wondering at the stupidity of such a question. Of course, bread was the life of that village,—ploughing, sowing, reaping, threshing, grinding, baking,—every year the same, and nothing else besides. Land for the Russian peasant is the first, the dearest of all things. How the peasant from the South will extol for hours the virtues of his wonderful black earth! How the peasant from Tver or Vólogda will complain equally long about his bitter struggle with his niggardly soil! How the argument will rage about the relative merits of Petrof's field and Ivan's! It was easy to understand the longing of Nekrasof's peasants as they looked across at the smiling hayfields of the barin. How easily could this longing be translated into fierce vengeance and triumph when the chance came to seize them.

In these two great desires of this vast mass of men, there lay an instrument, which, skilfully and fearlessly

[1] Baba is the word universally used in Russia to designate the peasant woman.

used by any political group, could make that group all-powerful in Russia. Peace and land—these were the things promised by the Bolsheviki and it was this promise and its partial realization that moved the masses. It was because it appealed to these two primary desires that the Bolshevik power gained such instant and widespread adherence among the peasants. It used them and it said it spoke in their name. But the more I saw of the peasants the less it seemed to me did the Bolsheviki truly represent them, however widely they might make their influence felt among them. When, at the close of my visit to the front, my own personal acquaintanceship with and practical study of the Bolsheviki began, I already had something of the background of the Russian masses in my heart and mind. The familiarity that I had gained with the general character of the Russian peasant and the conditions of his life was of incalculable value in the effort to understand the real sources of the Bolshevik power.

III.

THE BOLSHEVIKI

PART I

THE peace, so profound and so strange, which hung over the front was not merely the relaxation and quietness following the end of the tremendous effort of the war against Germany, but also marked the end of a grim tragedy within the Russian lines. The great Russian fighting machine had not gone to pieces without a struggle. Story after story was told us, as we moved from one place to another, of the bravery of the officers who, rather than desert their posts even when nothing more was to be hoped, had met death at the hands of the men whom they had so often led into battle, or had remained as prisoners of their own soldiers. In Moledechno, near Minsk, the commanding officer of that section of the front lived technically at liberty but in every practical respect a prisoner, and in constant danger of his life. I once passed the little house, somewhat apart from the village, where he was quartered. I wondered

what must be the feelings of that man who had fought and worked and lived through so much for the glory of Russia, as he sat there day after day watching his great organization go to pieces and his country left defenseless to the foe. The power he once wielded was exercised now by soldier committees, controlled and organized from Moscow. There was uncertainty at the front with regard to the events in the capital cities and little detailed information about the organization and real aim of the Bolsheviki, and the extent and permanence of their political domination. This only increased the sense of their ever present threatening power. There was abroad, even in that extraordinary peacefulness, a feeling of unrest and fear. Many reports of Bolshevik excesses reached our ears. It seemed like some ill-timed joke when we heard that they had entrusted all the communications of the Tenth Army to an escaped convict and murderer from Siberia. To me, whose mission was not to those in power and whose purpose was not the study of politics, these things seemed more like stories out of story books than real events and people. The men who played the dramatic rôles were not those with whom I came in contact. It was the peasant whom I could meet at the front man to man and try to understand. But yet, before I returned to the central cities, where the great game of chance was being played, I was given three clues which, though perhaps slight in themselves, served as a starting point for further and better informed thinking about the Bolsheviki and especially about their relation to the masses.

The first clue was an incident which showed how directly and powerfully the Bolsheviki were appealing to

and using the two burning desires that mastered so com
pletely the thoughts and actions of the peasant soldiers
Just before I arrived at the hut whose threatened de
struction by fire had so startlingly demonstrated th
fatalism of the peasants, a delegation of commissars ha
arrived there from Moscow. They were an embassy fro
the Bolsheviki to the army, and like the ancient embassie
of old, they came laden heavily with gifts. Their missio
was to persuade some of the soldiers to remain in th
trenches to preserve the semblance of an armed truce
They gathered the soldiers together in the American hu
and besought them to return to their places, but on
basis that has perhaps never in the world's history bee
the burden of an appeal to any army defending its in
vaded country. "Go to the trenches and sit there an
wait. You don't have to fight under any circumstances
It won't even be necessary for you to take arms if yo
don't want to. If the Germans move, don't make an
resistance. We just want you to stay out there to make
show while our delegates at Brest-Litovsk make the bes
peace they can *and to give us a chance to kill off all th
Burjúi without being disturbed,* so that when you do com
home there won't be any Burjúi and you—the Russia
proletariat—will have all the land. In the meanwhile w
have brought you these presents as a token of the hig
esteem in which the People's Commissars hold the gallan
—th regiment." Such was the nature of the appeal a
declaimed under the roof of the American non-politica
hut, and related to us by the astonished American wh
heard it. Startling in its simplicity, it went straight to th
heart of the question, but differed a good deal from ap
peals I subsequently heard made in the same cause i

places distant from the actuality of revolutionary Russia. Forceful as it was, it was barely sufficient to hold the soldiers in place, for their suspicions led them instantly to revert to an argument much used by some earlier Bolshevik agents when it served their purpose so well: 'What are we doing here at the front when the others in the rear are dividing up the land? Let us see that we are not cheated out of our share." And so the desertions continued. Things like this sowed in my mind an initial scepticism as to the degree in which the Bolsheviki spoke the real heart of the Russian masses.

The second clue came while I was sitting one day at a greasy oilcloth-covered table in a buffet with a group of soldiers. As usual I fell into talk with them about how cold it was outside, and how little room there was inside and how full the teplúshkas were. I had ordered some tea and bread. There was no sugar and the bread was black and sour. To my surprise, as soon as the soldiers saw that I had nothing of my own, they produced sugar, grey bread and butter and insisted that I share with them. At first there seemed to be no particular hostility to me, but on the contrary a very friendly feeling. After we had been talking together for some time, however, I suddenly discovered that I was the object of a vociferous discourse by a medium-sized civilian with a brown moustache and curly hair, dressed like a prosperous workman. I could understand but little, but caught at once the word 'Burjúi' and soon discovered that the man was trying to arrest me. I produced my documents from high Bolshevik sources and established my right to be at the front, but this did not placate the man very much. My face was my crime, and my white collar my badge of infamy. He

picked me out instantly as a natural enemy, and his open hostility was in marked contrast to the friendliness of the soldiers who had been sharing their scanty store of luxuries with me. It had not occurred to them particularly that I was a Burjúi and that they were proletarians. They had been curious about me as an American. But when the newcomer began to discuss me, many of them looked suspicious and angry. My identity being fully substantiated that evening, I was surprised to have my accuser come to shake me by the hand and call me "svoi cheloviék," "one of ours," by way of apology. But I had learned one thing; unless there is some definite personal reason, the peasant does not hate the Burjúi. He has to be told about it, have it dinned into his ears, that here is a man whom he must hate and fight against. But to the man in whom class feeling is paramount, who is a real proletarian, as the peasants are not, one glance is sufficient to recognize a member of the enemy class. The first feeling aroused in the heart of the proletarian in the buffet at the sight of me sharing with the soldiers their bread and salt was hot indignation at the impudence of a Burjúi in tampering with the peasants.

Not long after my white collar had betrayed me into this slight unpleasantness, I got a third clue to the Bolshevik riddle which gave me a concrete conception of another very important element in the situation. After leaving Dvinsk my way led to the old Hanseatic League City of Pskoff. An ancient white cathedral, standing on a high rock at the junction of two rivers, dominates the town. It is square in form, its walls very plain and surmounted by the universal onion-shaped domes of the Greek churches. It has a wonderful grandeur and dignity,

and a grace that has been added to it by the passing of the years. Near it stands a weather-beaten bell tower, from whose top one looks down at the oldest Orthodox church in Russia, a little low white structure standing on an island in one of the rivers. Throughout the city are many quaint monasteries and churches. The town seems to be filled with the spirit of the Orthodox faith. My first days there had imbued me with this spirit and filled my imagination with pictures of the dramatic and vivid past of the place. It was a rude shock to be brought back to an appreciation of the fact that in the events of the day and in the new power which was ruling Russia, there was feverishly and aggressively at work an influence bitterly antagonistic to the tradition and spirit that these wonderful old buildings represented,—the influence of men who hated, despised and scorned them,—the influence of the Russian Jew. Returning from a long hour on the bell tower I met, not far from the cathedral, a Russian officer, a friend of mine. In the course of our talk he told me a simple story of his own experience at the front, which contained in it an explanation of much that I was to see later in my wanderings. He had been in command of a company all of whom were Russian peasants except one, who was a Jew. Many complaints of the man had reached him, and he noticed that he was constantly abused and persecuted and thoroughly despised by the rest of the company. One day, as the officer came out of his dugout in the morning, his sentry refused to salute. There was something about the man's manner which made him suppress his impulse to have him instantly disciplined and warned him that something very strange had happened. He simply asked the sentry why he did not salute. The

soldier replied in a surly voice that it wasn't necessary any more. There was no more discipline and there were no more officers. Kerenski's famous and fatal order No. 1 had reached the front. My friend kept his temper and asked what authority there was, then, if the officers were deposed. "Oh, a committee runs things now." "And whom have you chosen as head of your committee?" my friend asked. He was astonished to hear that the only Jew of the company had been elected chairman. "But," he expostulated in wonder, "I thought you hated this man, despised and distrusted him." "Yes," said the soldier, "we do hate him and we don't trust him at all, but you see he can talk and we can't. He understands the new order and we don't. We need a man who can talk, so we elected him." Everything I had learned about the peasants told me that this must be the way the thing worked out. Czarism had created conditions that kept the peasant in such a degree of ignorance and on a mental plane so low that he would entrust his interests to the hands of a man he hated and despised, simply because that man was persuasive, agile of mind and quick to seize the chance for leadership. It had made the Russian Jew a man without a country, an outcast in his own land, but it had not broken his spirit. It had made him the natural advocate of internationalism and revolution, and had increased his subtlety, wariness and cunning. In embruting the peasant, embittering the Jew and laying its blighting hand on the Orthodox faith, that wonderful mystical religion, Czarism had indeed created a condition which not only aided powerfully in its own destruction, but seemed for many dark months to threaten the utter destruction of the free Russia that men hoped and still hope to see growing out of the ruins. I

had been surprised at the sweeping way in which Russians had accused the Jews of being responsible for all the terrors of the October revolution. I had discounted most of it as race prejudice. But what I had seen of the peasant character, which made possible such incidents as those described in the story of the Russian officer, and the prominence of the Jews in the local Soviets in the towns I had visited, made it seem reasonable to suppose that the Jews were to play a part in the Bolshevik movement out of all proportion to their numbers. The dominance of the Jew in the affairs of Russia where he had so long been an outcast, which a year ago would have seemed a fantastic dream, now bade fair to become an accomplished fact. It constituted a formidable challenge to the Orthodox Church. The faith of which the fine old cathedral in Pskoff was an extraordinary embodiment did indeed hold sway over the masses. It was the essence of all that was Russian, but it was passive and not active; it did not lead. I wondered, as my friend told that significant story of his, how it would stand the terrible blow that had fallen upon it, a blow it was so ill prepared to meet.

When it came time for me to turn my steps toward Petrograd from the towns and villages of White Russia, there lay in my mind half formulated three concepts about the Bolsheviki. That they were men who, though they came from the cities and were not sprung from the masses of Russia, still understood and took advantage of the fundamental longings of the peasants, namely, the desire for land and for peace; that they were men whose first and only allegiance was to class; and that they were men in whose councils the influence of the Jew would be a strong if not a determining one.

Petrograd, at the close of December 1917, was a city wrought up to the highest pitch of nervous tension. The Constituent Assembly had been convened and dissolved by force of arms at the first sign of independent action. Smolny Institute, formerly the most aristocratic girls' school in Russia, was the seat of government. It would be difficult to describe the hushed tones and frightened whispers in which that word was spoken. For a long time it had no particular meaning for me, except as the name of something ominous, oppressive, ruthless and hostile. I walked through the streets conscious that there was a great yet rather indefinable difference between the Petrograd I then saw and the Petrograd I had caught a fleeting glimpse of on a short visit two months before. The people looked driven and harried and underfed. There was a sense of unnaturalness and impending disaster hanging over all. It seemed incongruous to see Austrians everywhere in fine uniforms walking about entirely free, to rub shoulders with them on the crowded street cars, and see them salute their officers with military precision. In walking up and down the Nevski my way was often blocked by anxious crowds standing before the banks, which were closed. It was distressing to pass a beautiful and obviously cultivated young girl standing on a street corner selling papers in rude competition with the professional newsboys who resented her interference with their trade, and to see a dignified old gentleman feeding logs into the fire of a great snow-melter and shivering from cold. I grew to expect empty shelves and fabulous prices in all the stores. It was appalling to see young animals, suckling pigs and veal, everywhere on sale in the markets, for this meant famine next year and a recklessness of consequences that

boded ill for the people of Russia. I began to notice how many sailors there were around,—great swaggering, arrogant fellows, men on whom had fallen heaviest the cruel hand of the old discipline, and from whose faces had been driven every vestige of human sympathy and whose hearts knew no pity. It seemed strange indeed, passing along the Neva at night, to see the great watchfires in front of the unlighted pile of the Winter Palace around which the Red soldiers were warming themselves. And it was stranger still to look across at the shadowy outline of Petropavlosk, now filled with a new dole of prisoners who languished and suffered there, many of them for no crime except thinking and feeling about things in the same way I did.

I went over to the church in Petropavlosk to see the sepulchres of the Romanofs and read over the names of Peter, Ivan, Catherine and Alexander, with the feeling that here was indeed a tomb, the grave of a once all-powerful tradition, of an outworn philosophy. It did not seem out of keeping with the spirit of the times that on the grave of Paul alone, the mad monarch and unnatural son, incense was kept burning and the flowers fresh. The normal life of the city seemed to have been throttled and diverted into an unnatural feverishness, a nervous tension for which we found a name, calling it Petrograditis. The Hermitage and the Alexander the Third galleries were closed and barred, but every place where distraction and amusement could be found was thronged. On every corner soldiers and sailors were doing a thriving trade in cigarettes and small articles, obtained, it seemed fair to assume, by the very practical and convincing argument of the bayonet. Over all hung the dread that the Germans

might at any moment advance to take the city. Trotsky had left the front, crying, "Peace is not signed but the war is over." No one knew what to prophesy and what to believe. The days were the shortest of the year. At four o'clock it was already dark and I often sat in my dingy hotel dining-room at nine in the morning eating a meagre breakfast of tea and bread and cheese by the light of a candle which dispelled but a minute portion of the surrounding darkness, and looked out across the square, only barely able to distinguish the dim outline of St. Isaac's Cathedral opposite.

As I was leaving my hotel one morning after one of those gloomy breakfasts, I noticed fully armed soldiers on guard in the lobby and at various points about the hotel. Near the dining-room door I met a subaltern with five or six soldiers coming down the passage with a civilian in their midst, obsequiously attended by the hotel keeper. Everybody seemed to shrink from them. In a moment they were gone,—a search, an arrest, nothing more. And yet this little incident spoke volumes to me. The word 'search' had been on everybody's lips. A search was a daily occurrence. No one was safe from it. No warning was given, no rights respected, no justification attempted except that Smolny ordered and must be obeyed. Many a time I saw curious crowds gathered about some store or house guarded by soldiers and heard the whisper running from mouth to mouth, "A search"; and I heard many a story of those whose houses and homes were thus brutally broken into. My little glimpse of a search in my own hotel that morning impressed me deeply with the consciousness of a power able to preserve order and prevent violence, but from whose own

violence and aggression there was no protection. It was a gloomy and forbidding stage on which was set the scene for the further development of the Bolshevik drama, in whose early acts the Germans played so skilful and important a part.

I was sitting one evening in my hotel room when there was a knock at the door. A Russian, apparently of the shopkeeping class, entered and approached me hat in hand with every sign of respect. I was surprised to have him address me in German, but my surprise was as nothing to his on discovering that I did not understand that language. He finally communicated to me in some way or other that he wanted me to give him a pass through the German lines to Revel, and on my assuring him that that was a matter beyond my control he asked me incredulously whether I was not a member of the Austrian Mission. He had come to the wrong number. Next door to me were living members of an Austrian economic mission to Russia. At the very moment when the Austro-Germans were dictating terms of peace to the Russians at Brest-Litovsk, so brutal and shameful as to become a password for dishonor all over the world and to be almost impossible of acceptance even to the most hardy internationalists, the Bolsheviki were busy searching for means of strengthening their economic position by striking a bargain with other representatives of the same powers.

On my way out of the hotel that afternoon I saw the unmistakable Teuton sitting in the hotel reception room. One man particularly impressed me,—fat, awkward, with hanging cheeks and a very full face, a small black moustache, curly hair and gold spectacles, but yet clearly

a man of intellect and power. I had not been long in the street with his picture in my mind when I met two dapper British naval officers, and later some of our own American officers. The presence of representatives of both sides in the titanic struggle still raging in full force on the Western front, as if seeking the favor of some neutral party, was for me more striking proof than any amount of assertion by different kinds of Russians that the Germans and Allies were exactly on a par as far as the Bolsheviki were concerned. It was only too palpable that the nearness of the German Army, equipped and ready to move instantly as I well knew, and the prospect of economic help, inclined the scale to the former. It was hard for me to believe that any Russian government could utterly ignore the fact that Russia and the Allies had made common cause together against one common enemy, and could, with a cool and even-handed hatred of both its former friends and enemies, play off one against the other. And yet the physical presence next to me of the enemy leaders at such a time proved that this was true of the Smolny Government. What I had seen at the front showed only too clearly the hopelessness of reviving the old status of comrades in arms, and the still vivid recollections of my first days in Moscow and the demonstrations of the Red Square reminded me that for the Bolsheviki the issues of the old war were dead and were replaced by those of the class war between the proletariat and the Burjúi, to them vastly more important.

One evening, not long after my arrival in Petrograd, I was riding through the streets in a beautifully upholstered, luxurious limousine. I was accompanying the American professor whose audience at Dvinsk had con-

vinced me that a general distinction between soldiers and peasants in Russia was a false one, to a factory where he was about to lecture. We were escorted by a voluble and friendly Russian workman. The latter said to us, with some pride, that the automobile had been the property of the former mayor of Petrograd and head of the factory to which he was now taking us. I had the most unpleasant feeling of being the recipient of stolen goods, but made no comment about the possible feelings of the Burjúi owner. Our host was chairman of the workmen's "cultural-educational" committee at the Petrogradski Zavod, as the factory where we were going was called, and we confined ourselves to purely cultural-educational topics. It was not long before I was among a crowd of Russian workmen in a light, airy room used as a workmen's dining-room and rest-room in a great factory in the heart of the Viborg section. The factory, formerly active day and night, was lying idle. The men were in complete possession, had voted themselves several months' salary in advance and were living on it. We were courteously treated, but I was at once impressed with an independence of manner and a reserve on the part of the men that I had not seen in the peasants. It was harder to get into talk with them, and every time I tried to approach the question as to why the factory wasn't working I either got no response or a surly "We don't have to work; we've got money, why should we work?" But usually any feelers or hints about things uppermost in my mind met with so expressive a silence that I concluded there were things a Burjúi like myself didn't speak about in Petrogradski Zavod.

In his lecture the American professor stayed on neutral

ground, and got a fairly good reception, ending in our being forced to have a picture taken surrounded by the real Russian proletariat. The faces of the men were more intelligent and less good-humored than the peasants I had seen, and there was none of the simplicity and naïveté of the mujik. Just the slight contact of that one evening made me feel that this was a place where the words 'proletariat,' 'International,' 'capitalist,' 'social revolution,' had some meaning. As far as these words had a personal or emotional significance they were here understood to the full. But their economic implications were not yet at all clear to the men. When I sat among the proletariat for my picture that evening, I gathered from the conversation of our host that now that the men had the factory they didn't exactly know what to do with it. I later visited it by daylight, walking in and out among its almost deserted buildings, its smokeless smokestacks and fireless furnaces and watching the men wandering about more or less aimlessly and without purpose. The men knew perfectly that their well-being depended on that factory's production and yet they made no effort to set it going. On the way home the night before, our talkative guide had told a great deal about all the different kinds of committees the workers had, and how they had voted themselves enormous increases in wages, and how, as production had ceased, prices had risen, and how the righteous indignation of the workmen had been aroused against the Burjúi, who must be responsible for these bad conditions, because they had always been responsible for the bad condition of the workers. I had pointed out that it was bad economics to live on one's capital and he had replied: "Oh, yes. But what are you going to do

about it? The whole country is living on its capital." What wonder that, after years of severe oppression, the sudden acquisition by the workmen of full power over the means of production should result in the reckless squandering of capital, the nature of which they could not understand, and make of them the most promising material for the Red Guard.

It was not long before I had a first-hand and quite informal view of the Red Guard in one of its own headquarters. One murky winter evening I turned off from the Nevski and, leaving its great, slowly moving crowds and confusion of sleighs and street cars, and passing by the brightly lighted entrance of the Europe Hotel, came out on the comparative calm of Mikhailovski Ploshad. The great pile of the Alexander the Third Gallery loomed up opposite, unlighted and deserted, a perpetual reminder of the parlous nature of the times. My errand led me to a large, handsome stone building on a corner facing the gallery. I felt a thrill of excitement, for I was about to enter the Dvorianski Sobranie, the Nobles' Club. It was in this building that the great and brilliant social events of the Russian aristocracy had taken place. Not more than a year ago it had been honored by the presence of the Czar himself. Here had been displayed all the grandeur of the old régime. But now what a transformation had taken place! At the door lounged a number of sentinels. I passed by them into the entrance hall. Its stone floor was wet and tracked with mud and the stairs leading up from it were slippery and dirty. Soldiers constantly passing to and fro crowded the stone stairs that led up from the entrance. I went up and saw before me a great hall, noble in outline and proportion. From the landing

of the stairway three or four steps led down to the main floor, and a broad loggia extended completely around the hall. Above this was a gallery supported by handsome white pillars, which formed the chief architectural feature of the room. In the centre hung three magnificent glass chandeliers reminiscent of former glories. But it was a dreary scene of confusion upon which I looked. Every trace of furniture had been removed. On the main floor were only a few wooden benches and one or two rough wooden tables piled in a corner, some stacks of arms and a few boxes. The gallery and the loggia beneath it were filled with cots on which were reposing members of Trotsky's own regiment. Dirt was everywhere. The atmosphere was stifling, almost fetid, and the place smelled so it was hard to keep from running to the door for air.

I walked around among the crowded beds and stacked arms and watched the soldiers. Perhaps it was the striking contrast between them and their surroundings and an instinctive angry revolt against the desecration and defiling of a building that had once been beautiful and the home of beauty that made them seem more stupid and brutish than other soldiers I had seen and talked to. They had been promised a palace to live in when they were brought from the front, and insisted on having a palace. I learned from them that when it was proposed to use the building for other purposes they had indignantly refused to move, although they were discontented there, for the Dvoriánski Sobránie was most unsuitable for a barracks. Some slept, others smoked, cooked, or played cards with cards so black it was an art to read the numbers, and one was playing the accordion. There was constant moving about and talking. As I walked around the

gallery, a detachment was called out on some duty in the city. The calling of the roll, shouting of orders, clattering of arms and equipment, and stamping of feet added to the turmoil. But amid all the noise the sleepers slept on undisturbed. What a life of confusion and squalor was going on here in the very place where the beauties of Petrograd had sat looking down at the splendors of their exalted caste!

As I came down into the hall, I noticed that the soldiers were gathering on the main floor for some sort of meeting. I had heard some of them complaining about their bad food and the lack of bread, and was not very much surprised to find that the soldiers' committee, which had taken the place of the officers, was announcing the names of those who were to start off to far-away Siberia to buy bread for the regiment. But the men were evidently waiting for something more, for they did not disperse when this business was finished. I sat down on the steps by one of the pillars, unnoticed, and waited. Soon there was a stir at the door; a body of men entered, walked briskly halfway down one side of the room, and then a small, black-haired man, with a little black moustache, wearing a Prince Albert coat, stepped out on a platform that extended a few feet into the main floor and began to address the soldiers. He spoke vehemently, in short, quick sentences, gesticulating violently to drive home his points. He was exhorting the men to stand fast in the cause, to be true to their sacred duty as the bulwark and defense of the proletariat, to remember that the people looked to them for protection of their new-won liberties, to continue the battle against their enemies, the absolutists and the Burjúi, faithfully to support the Soviet and the

People's Commissars. He also told them about the history and growth of the Soviet system, of their struggle against overwhelming odds, of their final triumph. One phrase that I heard often in the course of his speech kept ringing in my ears long after: "Ours—ours is the Russian land—ours are the Russian mines, ours the Russian factories, ours all the incalculable Russian riches." Truly it seemed as if I were in some strange new world as I sat there in the Hall of the Nobles, listening to Trotsky himself haranguing his own soldiers, teaching them, inspiring them, moulding them into an implement by which to carry out his will and establish his mastery over confused and leaderless Russia.

When Trotsky had done speaking, a member of the soldiers' committee stepped up to the platform, saluted and replied in the name of the soldiers. Pledging the undying constancy of the men to their leader and the cause, he swore before God that to one man they would all shed their last drop of blood before they would cease to fight for Trotsky, for the Soviet and for the proletariat. I had never seen a man throw himself into the words he was saying so much as this Bolshevik soldier, whose flushed face and flashing eyes as he finished his short speech were something to remember. All the men listened with strained attention to both but there was no great enthusiasm, for it was for them but one of a hundred such speeches. Yet some of them surely had drunk deeply of the doctrine of the proletarian rule.

I became quite a regular visitor at the Dvoriánski Sobránie after that, and on a subsequent visit learned, to my great surprise, that within three weeks after Trotsky's speech nearly two-thirds of the men who had listened to

had deserted and gone to their villages. Even the words
the great leader himself did not appear to have left
uch trace on their minds. But I was more surprised still
learn that a certain proportion of those who had re-
rned to the villages had come back again. They had
und that life in the villages was hard, that there was
longer a place for them, that the older peasants viewed
em and their new ideas with suspicion, that they must
il hard and long to wring from the earth a poor
bsistence, that their sweethearts had married, their
milies broken up. They were restless and came back
the life of alternate inactivity and adventure, of spoils
d license and hardships, which awaited them in the
ed Guard, a life which appealed both to their vanity
d their greed. In the villages they had lost their place
d were as nothing, disliked as trouble makers. But in
e Red Guard they were masters and the rulers of
ussia. I had no means of knowing, even of wildly guess-
g, how many of all the soldiers who started joyfully
om the front—"Home"—had found that they no longer
ted into the village life and became men like the old
ass of professional soldiers of the Middle Ages, who
ade it easy to recruit armies for any cause. It was
bering to think that if the four years of the Great War
d made only one out of every hundred peasants mobi-
ed in Russia's armies of ten million men, a wanderer and
homeless, bitter, degraded man, what a great reservoir
ere would be from which to draw the Red Army. It
longer seemed strange that the Red Army should be
rong when I thought of the fanatical devotion of those
ldiers who spoke in the voice of that man I had heard
ply to Trotsky, of the new class of professional soldier

and adventurer the war had made, of the true proletari
of which I had caught a glimpse at the Petrograds
Zavod. With these men as a nucleus, the leaders of t
Red Army could still draw on the great masses of t
peasants throughout Russia, who were thinking now
simple terms of peace and of land, but who, when t
time came, could be made to fight in any cause and f
any purpose by a strong dominating power, because th
had always been used and made to fight, and becau
these things seemed to them to be decreed by a stern fa
that they could not change and from which they cou
not escape. Leadership alone was needed to weld togeth
these forces into one great machine. Everything I sa
around me, every detail of life in Petrograd in tho
early days showed me that there was such leadership.

In the nervous weeks subsequent to the peace parle
at Brest-Litovsk, there were so many anxieties and u
certainties of every kind, so many rumors set afoot o
day and denied the next, so many unforeseen emergenci
to be met, so many readjustments to be made that t
real significance of what was taking place was obscur
and distorted. An American could not help still thinki
in terms of Germany and the Allies and of Russia as o
of the Allies in spite of all that had happened. Trotsk
had left Brest-Litovsk, refusing to sign the shamele
thing the Germans had submitted and making the who
conference futile and abortive. The Germans were ther
fore advancing. Only a pretense of defending the city w
being made. Anxiety reached a feverish intensity. Forei
embassies and legations fled. The question on all lips w
—"When will the Germans take the city?"

Under these conditions there remained in Petrogra

ly a few open advocates of the Allied cause. Among ese were representatives of the American Committee on ublic Information, who stayed in Petrograd to continue eir work of speaking for their country and their untry's cause in the war by any means they could with- t being driven out by the Bolshevik Government. As ork for the Russian soldier no longer offered a chance r practical service, I took the proffered opportunity to in in their work. It had become increasingly difficult to eak for America through the press, because, one by one, pers advocating points of view different from that of e People's Commissars had ceased to appear. But the ficial words of the head of our nation could still be cir- lated in printed form, pamphlets could be distributed d a certain amount of American news and American ticles printed in such papers as survived. The gradual croachment of Smolny on the right of free speech had ng been evident. The creation of a state monopoly in lvertising had peacefully spelled the death knell of real scussion by making it impossible to finance any paper ithout the stamp of Smolny approval. Nevertheless, ough leeway was given to such papers as did come out permit them to make at least a show of independence. he most powerful weapon of all those used by the Bol- eviki, absolute control of the printed word, was per- cted only gradually but with extraordinary skill. Step step freedom of speech was restricted until it was nally denied altogether. During the days of the greatest ress in Petrograd, I came to my first intense personal alization that the régime under which I was living verned on the same principles and in the same manner the Czars in this most vital essential. When it seemed

Lenoir Rhyne College
LIBRARY

certain that the Germans would take Petrograd, th
Americans decided before withdrawing to leave on a
the walls of the city an open reminder to the people th
the Germans came not as friends, not as liberators, n
as bringers of order, but as enemies and haters of all th
ideals of the revolution. A cartoon was prepared showin
the boot of a German officer in the lower left-hand corne
and his fist and cuff in the upper left-hand corner. Th
fist held the sword of German militarism, its point drive
down through the hand of a Russian workingman fro
whose grasp had just fallen the blood-red banner of th
revolution with "Liberty" written on it. But no on
would print this poster, for it appeared that the printe
was held personally responsible for everything that h
printed. Everyone we approached refused, with evide
signs of fear, to touch the poster. They had been const
tuted, on pain of the loss of their liberties and their live
involuntary censors. They said it was madness to try
print such a poster and referred us to Smolny, to th
Commissar of the Press. When it was suggested that th
poster was directed against the Germans, and that Smol
was even then exhausting every effort to get means for
last minute defense, a moody silence was the answer. T
carry this matter to its logical conclusion one of th
Americans in charge of the propaganda work decided
go himself to Smolny, where I accompanied him.

Smolny had come to be so much a symbol of evil an
of hostility to all I held dear that I approached the gre
unadorned bare-looking building with a distinct feelin
of revulsion. The first thing I saw after our sleigh entere
the gates at the end of the driveway and approached th
building, was a battered old armored car. On the steps

Smolny itself were two artillery pieces and a heavily armed guard. The place appeared to be in a state of siege. The gloomy entrance seemed perfectly to symbolize a rude power constantly in fear of its life, protecting itself against its victims. After a reasonable delay we received permission to mount to the first floor and began walking up and down the long corridors in search of the proper official. The rooms which opened out on these corridors had once been lived in by princesses, grand duchesses and the noblest of Russian ladies. Now all was bare and empty. There was no furniture in many of the rooms, in most of them only plain deal tables spread with papers in indescribable confusion. We had just a transient glimpse of part of the building, but it made one wonder how any orderly government could function in such a place. Finally we found the man for whom we were in search and presented him with our request for permission to distribute the anti-German poster. He looked at it in surprise and then looked up at us and said sullenly, "No, of course not." Pressed for a reason, he said, with a cynical smile, "If you can't see for yourselves why you can't do this, I can't tell you." My companion offered the observation, "But this is directed against the Germans, and you are fighting the Germans, aren't you?" This met with no reply, so, having found out what we wanted to know, we made our way from the confusion of Smolny into the clear air outside.

The visit to Smolny Institute, showing, as it did, the impossibility of carrying on any propaganda against the Germans and the completeness of the Bolshevik censorship, was made on the last day of my stay in Petrograd. The experience of these months, in spite of the confusion

and uncertainty of the time and the complexity of the influences at work in the city, had shown me clearly the nature of the two main instruments on which the Bolsheviki depended for the maintenance of their power—the Red Army and complete control over all printed matter. In Moscow, some weeks later, I gained my first clear conception of the purpose and plan for the accomplishment of which the Bolshevik leaders were using these instruments, and of their underlying philosophy.

IV.

THE BOLSHEVIKI

PART II

MY journey from Petrograd to Moscow was marked by several of those small incidents that tell so much about Russia, and yet seem so slight as hardly to warrant more than passing attention. Unable to get within twenty-five feet of the train on which I was supposed to leave, on account of the crowds which besieged it, I stood one cold night in the Petrograd station looking at the people jammed on the platforms and sitting on the roofs of the cars. I noticed one slim, intelligent-looking young girl without gloves, standing on the platform of one of the freight cars, and thought of the very frequent stories of people found frozen to death at the other end of the journey. When I had about given up hope of being able to leave Petrograd that night, an empty train of box cars came rolling in a few tracks away. In a moment I was safely in a corner of one of them and soon so jammed in by a crowd of peasants with

all their baggage that I could not move a foot. Twenty hours later I was still in the same corner, trundling along only halfway to Moscow, when a particularly loud conversation started up. A small, sturdy soldier, looking well fed and cheerful, was regaling a few listeners with tales of the hardships and magnificent deeds of himself and his továrishi in Finland. Around him the low, steady talk of the peasants, such as I had listened to many a night, went on oblivious of this heroic tale. But after a more than usually heavy jolt there was a silence for a moment. The little soldier heaved a great sigh and, shaking his head, said mournfully, "Now what will the poor Finnish proletariat do without us?" The idea of anyone longing for the presence of the Red Guard seemed to strike most of the peasants as funny and drew a general laugh. But it was said with such evident sincerity and with such a ludicrous pompousness that it quite warmed the heart of a cold and hungry non-proletarian American who sat unnoticed and unable to move in his own corner. Here was one who had caught the crusader's spirit and had gone forth as an apostle of his true faith to propagate the doctrine of the Brotherhood of Peoples by fire and sword. He was a real Bolshevik. Most of the others in the box car were plain Russian peasants in whom his enthusiasm for international proletarian rule stirred only a mild surprise and amusement. Thirty-seven hours after we left Petrograd our box car was standing still, seven versts from Moscow. It had stood in the same spot for seven hours. I had at last reached the point where I thought I could completely appreciate the point of view of the red-faced peasant who had seemed so unreasonably hostile to me as I sat in my comfortable International Car

on my way into Russia five months before. It was without any protest from my corner that some of the passengers on that train sallied forth on foot to the next station threatening a violent end to the station master unless an engine was provided forthwith. Fifteen minutes later we began to move and were soon in Moscow.

Moscow had apparently undergone no change since I had left it. Compared to the terrific tension to which we had become accustomed in Petrograd it seemed fairly normal. Yet it was far from that, for one day when I was walking through the Red Square with another American, we were passed by a huge army truck loaded with fully armed hoodlums, men and boys, calling out noisily and waving their rifles. Neither of us turned our head to look at it, but a little later my friend said, "It's queer we shouldn't have thought that truck worthy of remark. Supposing we had met it going down Fifth Avenue!" But at least the haunting anxiety of Petrograd was gone.

Moscow was preparing for the reception of the Bolshevik Government which was to make its capital there, and for the coming session of the All-Russian Workmen's, Soldiers' and Peasants' Deputies,—the highest legislative authority of Soviet Russia. Just before this congress met I made an effort to get cards of admission, and this errand led me for the first time into the Kremlin. Armed this time with a permit, I went through the Red Gate, past the campfire of the soldiers still guarding the entrance as they had been the first time I had tried in vain to enter. Once within the walls no one asked me why I was there or questioned me in any way, so I mounted the famous Kolokólnik or bell tower and drank in the magnificent view of Moscow I had so long desired to see. Then I came

down and wandered into the wonderful Uspénski Sobór where the Czars were crowned. Having thus surreptitiously stolen a glimpse of the beauties that have drawn visitors from all the world over and have become familiar to men everywhere through story and painting, and whose every detail is pregnant with memories of the great moments of Russian history, I stepped back into the realities of the Russia of my own day. I entered the white courthouse that stands in the corner of the Kremlin enclosure to search for someone to give me a pass to the coming Soviet Congress. I did not find anyone, but as I passed through the long halls between the former courtrooms and offices of the judges and lawyers now being prepared for new masters, I saw something that gave me an entirely new feeling of the completeness with which all relations with the past were now broken. Piled high in hopeless confusion in the halls were masses of papers and folders and files of all sorts. They were the records of the courts thrown out here as waste paper to be swept contemptuously away. It was the physical side of the rejection and destruction of the former system of Russian law. How many people's interests and hopes and fears, how many years of study, how many precedents established, how many guarantees of justice, how many injustices in the name of law—how complex and many-sided a system lay there in that great confused pile of papers. What would be found to take its place by the new rulers of Russia to whom the whole system of courts and jurisprudence, built up in the course of centuries, was but a mockery and a travesty?

Later I did succeed in gaining admittance to the great All-Russian Congress of Workmen's, Soldiers' and Peas-

ants' Deputies. The manner in which I was first introduced into this historic gathering was a somewhat peculiar one. Just before the opening of the Congress, when the delegates and guests were already crowding into the doors of the assembly hall, some sleighs drove up loaded high with heavy paper packages. Three Americans, of whom I was one,—an exceedingly nervous one, it might be added,—were there to meet them, and began to unload and carry the packages into the crowded ante-chambers and then on past rows of delegates waiting for their credentials to be looked over, into the great meeting hall itself. This was done under the supervision of a minor official, and it was not long before the contents of the packages, American propaganda, were being placed on every chair of the Congress, which was that afternoon to ratify the peace of Brest-Litovsk. We did not long continue the even tenor of our way in thus seeking to speak a good word for America where it was most needed, without interruption. In recognition of the services of the official who had enabled us to distribute our literature, one of my companions very reasonably handed him a gratuity, but made the unpardonable mistake of letting it be seen. As if from nowhere a strange figure approached my friend in a fury of righteous indignation, and, laying a large and bony hand upon his shoulder, called out: "I arrest you for the crime of trying to bribe one of the delegates to the All-Russian Congress of Workmen's, Soldiers' and Peasants' Deputies," and he continued to express his sentiments about the impudence of this attempt to sully the honor of the Congress in no uncertain terms. The indignant individual who thus disturbed the orderly progress of American propaganda in the Soviet

Congress, was a young man dressed in a manner strongly reminiscent of the Latin Quarter and in general suggestive of *la vie de Bohème*. His face was pale, his features sharp, but the most distinctive thing about him was his long, thick, reddish brown hair which fell to his shoulders and must have been the envy of many an Orthodox Russian priest. It was at length explained to him that the offer had been made to the official under the erroneous impression that he was one of the porters, and was but remuneration for his physical labors in carrying the packages. This explanation proving adequate to cover the situation, the long-haired young man shook us all warmly by the hand, was profuse in his apologies, and pitched into the work of distribution with enthusiasm.

Having shaken hands cordially with the opportunist who had aided us and the idealist who had arrested us, we retired to the galleries to listen to and watch an assemblage full of significance for an observer to whom Revolutionary Russia was just beginning to be to some degree comprehensible. The young man with the long hair was of the type of visionary fanatic whose ready pen, eloquent and fiery speech, one-sided but still unquestionably lofty idealism, and whole-souled devotion to the Bolshevik cause was of no mean importance in that movement. There was in his manner something characteristic of the Congress as a whole. It was a very obvious self-consciousness common to the general run of delegates, a desire to act in a way to conform to the dignity of the body which was to introduce a new era of liberty for the ordinary Russian man and for all the world. Whenever a tumult arose in the course of the proceedings, which was often, the leaders appealed to this motive. It was fre-

quently necessary to cry out, "Remember that you are not in your village, but in the All-Russian Congress of Workmen's, Soldiers' and Peasants' Deputies, the sovereign power of all Russia," but this appeal was never without immediate response. It was a fine sentiment of self-respect, manhood and independence, with a strong admixture of vanity, to which the leaders appealed. Yet from the very beginning it was as obvious as anything could be that the mass of the delegates were deceived, their ignorance imposed upon, their simplicity abused. Never was there a congress in which the many were so patently the tools of the few.

This was first strongly impressed upon my mind in the hurry and bustle of the lobbies when the delegates were going and coming out of party caucuses, and all was confusion just before the formal opening of the Congress and during the several recesses in the proceedings. At these times we stood behind a table in the lobby taking subscriptions from the delegates for a small American weekly paper published in Moscow. As I watched the delegates pass to and fro my heart was warmed to see the simple and kindly faces of the peasant deputies who came up and gathered about my table in the most eager and friendly manner and were enthusiastic to hear about "Democratic America." Among them the professional Bolshevik organizers and leaders, many of them unmistakable Jews, many of them of the type of my long-haired friend, and nearly all intelligent and active, could be as clearly picked out as if they belonged to another race. They, of course, looked upon us with cold and hostile suspicion and often enough with a rather annoying scornful amusement. I felt sure they looked upon the peasant delegates merely

as pawns to be used in carrying out their carefully prepared program of action. Ample confirmation of this was furnished by the proceedings on the floor of the Congress.

The first question to be decided was the ratification of the Brest-Litovsk Treaty. Full opportunity was given to representatives of the Socialist Anti-Bolshevik parties to give at length their reasons against the ratification of the shameful treaty. Eloquent, cogent and patriotic speeches were made. Any attempts to shout down the speaker were silenced by the Bolshevik presiding officer who appealed to the sense of dignity of the delegates as representatives of all Russia. There was every show of fair play. When the opposition had said its say, a burly, red-headed peasant arose and said: "Comrades, we fought four years; we're exhausted. We have no army. We have no supplies. The Germans have an army. It is only a few miles away from Moscow and Petrograd. It is ready to advance. We are helpless. Do you want war or do you want peace?" After the vociferous applause had died down, a Bolshevik orator arose and spoke at length, carefully, skilfully. He answered every argument of the opposition from the point of view of Bolshevik theory. He made an able speech. But the mass of the delegates paid no attention to him. He was not speaking to them but to the whole revolutionary world. When the overwhelming vote to ratify was taken it was because of the red-headed peasant who spoke two minutes. It was splendid psychology even in a congress whose members were chosen by a hand-picked electorate. I thought of this scene at a later time in my own country when I heard the defense of Bolshevism placed on the grounds on which the Bolshevik orator put it that day, and wondered how much power that theoretical Bol-

shevism would have had in Russia without arguments such as those put forth in the two-minute speech of the peasant delegate and those so cogently urged in the American hut at the front by the Bolshevik emissaries.

After the triumphant ratification of the Brest-Litovsk Treaty, the Congress turned its attention to some routine matters, in which the delegates displayed little or no interest. Suddenly there was a general stir. Everyone's attention was fixed on a man who had quietly entered the hall back of the speakers' table. My companion nudged me and whispered, "That's he—Lenine." He stepped forward to speak a few words to the presiding officer, and then was gone. The Bolshevik autocrat was anything but an impressive figure with his bald head and cold, unemotional features, yet his personality was felt through all the proceedings of the Congress. I was curiously reminded of the momentary but dramatic appearance of Ivan the Terrible in Rimski-Korsakof's opera, "The Czar's Bride," who passes but once across the stage, yet is the one character whose personality determines the whole action of the play.

The following day the Congress met to elect the administrative authorities of Soviet Russia for the coming year. Its first task was to elect an Executive Committee. This Executive Committee was in turn to elect a smaller committee or Presidium, which in turn was to elect the People's Commissars to carry on the government. The reelection of the Executive Committee and consequently of Lenine and Trotsky, and the other People's Commissars was of course arranged beforehand and not open to doubt. But even after living under the power of Smolny for five months and hearing and reading floods of Bol-

shevik oratory, American tradition had been so strong in my mind that I had not yet grasped the fundamental theory of Bolshevism that would unify and rationalize all that these men did. It therefore seemed to me so eminently reasonable and right that no one could possibly object when Martof arose for the Mensheviki and said in effect: "As has often been pointed out this congress is the supreme governmental authority in all Russia; therefore, it should, in fulfilling its trust, exercise some control over its administrative organization. The People's Commissars have been spending every month millions of rubles for which no accounting has been made. Is it not reasonable that they should render an accounting monthly to the Executive Committee of this Congress?" He could not finish. As if at a signal a tumult of hostile cries arose from the Bolshevik majority. Delegates stood up and shook their fists at the speaker, crying out, "Throw him out—counter-revolutionary." And then the Congress proceeded to give the People's Commissars one of the greatest votes of confidence ever given any government, an absolutely unlimited blank check to draw on all the resources of Russia unhindered by any vestige of responsibility. As long as nothing had been at stake a show of fairness had been maintained, but when a subject so vital to the unhampered control of Smolny was even so moderately approached as Martof approached the question of financial responsibility, the full force of the machine that had been created to execute the leaders' will was turned mercilessly upon the offender to crush him.

Having thus finished the work for which it was called, the Congress closed its three days' session by singing the 'Internationale.' Standing respectfully in their places,

their faces lighted with enthusiasm as if conscious of having performed a momentous task in the process of the liberation of mankind and the establishment of a new ideal of human society, the delegates joined in that famous revolutionary hymn with all their heart and soul. I, too, was powerfully caught by the contagion of the moment, and felt absolutely certain that among this group of men, the majority of whom had just been tricked and duped into doing things of whose logical consequences they had little conception, there was a fund of noble enthusiasm and idealism that gave infinite promise for the future of Russia. I left the gallery where I had been standing with those final words still ringing in my ears:

"This shall be the final and decisive battle
For with the International is reborn the human race."

How could men bearing the name of Russians be found, first to hand over their country to the enemy and then to work on the great needs and unformed desires of their people to build up in the name of liberty an absolutism and autocracy, the machinery of which I had just seen confirmed and approved by those who were only in less degree than the Intelligentzia to be its victims—the peasants?

A few minutes later, standing in one of the lobbies, I fell into talk with a man who answered this question. He was not a Bolshevik, for he disapproved of their violent methods, but did agree with their theory of government. I pointed out to him that what had just happened was the very negation of democracy, that the vast majority of the delegates were led like sheep, not knowing whither

they went. He looked at me in a friendly, rather con
descending manner. He admitted that what I said wa
quite true and must necessarily be true if the proletaria
were really to rule at all. The Russian masses, he tol
me, were not sufficiently advanced to know what was goo
for them, and therefore must be led by men who did kno
what was good for them, and had the force and ability t
lead them. The motive power behind the whole movemen
was a small but devoted minority who were justified i
arrogating every power to themselves because they kne
what was good for the people. American ideas came surg
ing into my head, principles of democracy and representa
tive government that I had never questioned, and did no
then question, but there seemed nothing in this complex o
ideas that would have any influence on that man's mind
I suggested that there were other men in Russia wh
also were wiser and abler than the masses and wante
to help them and understand them as well as the Bol
shevik minority, and that they had a right to be hear
and that it was unjust and tyrannous that they should b
swept aside. He smiled again and in a friendly ton
replied: "Of course, it is tyranny from their point o
view. But they cannot escape from their class. They ar
not of the proletariat, and until they prove by yieldin
to the Bolshevik idea that they are friends of the peopl
they must expect all the rigors of class war, which i
merciless, gives and asks no quarter, and which mus
continue until the proletariat destroys or absorbs it
enemies." "Do you mean to say," I asked, "that, if fo
instance I, being a Burjúi, give all my life to a study o
the needs of the people, and arrive at a conclusion differ
ent from that of this militant minority, I am not even t

be heard or considered in any way?" "No," he replied, 'for you cannot escape from the fact of class and you are not a real 'friend of the people.' " "Who is to judge," I asked, "whether or not I am a true friend of the people?" His reply came with firmness and absolute conviction. "*We* shall judge."

I parted from this man, intelligent, forceful, even widely read in certain lines, and evidently capable, active and energetic, as one might part from an enemy after a truce, with a friendly shake of the hand, but with the consciousness of an unbridgeable gulf between him and me. The little pile of American literature on the table near which we were standing seemed quite overwhelmingly submerged amid the mass of Bolshevik pamphlets that surrounded it. I, too, felt overwhelmed among that great crowd of men who were acting, some consciously, others unknowingly, under the influence of the new dispensation to which I had just been given this key—"We shall judge." Of course, a number of men of great power and energy, thoroughly convinced that to them it was given in special measure to see and to know what was good for the masses of Russia, and also thoroughly convinced that the needs of the proletariat demanded, above all things, the successful prosecution of the class war, would, when confronted by the ignorance and degradation of the masses, act exactly as I had seen them act. The dictatorship of the proletariat was not the dictatorship of all the proletariat, but of the small, self-appointed minority acting for and in the name of the proletariat. "We shall judge" who is the friend of the people and what is good for the people. What an appeal to the devoted, narrow and fanatical idealist! What an appeal also to the

adventurer and to him who loved power! What a weapon and tool for the subtlety and aggressiveness of the Jew to seize upon! What a strange new form of the doctrine of divine right to rule others because they are not fit to rule themselves!

It was, therefore, with less confusion of mind but with greater anxiety for the future that I set forth some time later on a journey to Siberia, where it would be possible to see how the Bolshevik régime worked out in the smaller cities. As far as Samára the ordinary train was running, but it could not go further because of warlike operations between the Ural Cossacks and the Bolsheviki. I was befriended by some Czecho-Slovak officers, however, and given a place in one of their own troop trains. I rode with them four days listening to their stories and getting to know the spirit of these indomitable men. Their talk was always of their country, just emerging from bondage into the status of a free and independent nation, of their pride in their great leader Massaryk, of their own great devotion and services to the realization of the ideal of freedom and liberty in their land. I felt as if I had indeed come in contact here in this strange and distant land with the spirit of Lexington and Concord. Poor, badly equipped, in a hostile country, worn by years of prison and battle, bound on a seemingly endless and extremely hazardous journey, they were held together and sustained by the glorious idea of an independent Bohemia.

While we were standing at a small station a day or so out from Samara, I was attracted by an argument between a few peasants and some of the Czech soldiers. The peasants were saying, "Why do you continue to fight as

hirelings of the French and British imperialists and capitalists? Why don't you stop being tools of the capitalists and join the proletariat?" One of the soldiers asked what they meant by capitalist. But this was not in the lesson they had learned quite obviously to repeat like parrots, and the spokesman of the peasants simply looked foolish, and then after sputtering for a few minutes continued as before. One of the Czechs vigorously asserted that they were free men fighting for a free country, but the peasant, infinitely his intellectual inferior, had the answer ready, for it was part of his lesson. "The capitalists are using you without your even knowing it; they have deceived you." From the peasant's whole manner of talking it was so evident that he did not understand what he was saying that the Czech soldiers simply laughed and continued on their way.

The words the peasant had used had a tremendously familiar ring. I had read them in many a Bolshevik paper. As I had gone from place to place the very same words that I had read in the papers in the great central cities came back to me from the most unexpected sources among the people. But the ideas conveyed in these words never came to me from the people in any other form. The masses talked about land and markets and tea and the "order" there used to be in Russia, and about the Burjúi. Burjúi—that was a word that had a clear enough meaning. But 'capitalist,' 'proletariat,' 'communist,' 'imperialist,' 'brotherhood of peoples,' 'Federated Socialist Soviet Republic,' these were words that came to the lips of the people only because of a wonderful propaganda. The conversation between the Czechs and the peasants on that little desolate railway station platform told me, as

did all my previous and subsequent experience, that that propaganda was not argument at all, but unqualified assertion and unremitting repetition to such an extent that the words and phrases of the Bolshevik vocabulary became fixed in the minds of the people in much the same way as the names of products otherwise unknown to me had been fixed in my mind by American advertising.

On the fourth day I set foot in the Siberian capital, Omsk, where I hoped to continue the work of propaganda with another American who was already on the ground. One of the first things we did was to call upon the City Commissar to explain our presence in Omsk. He received us very kindly and was evidently a man whose greatest desire was to serve the people and lead them to better things. He was striving to bring order out of chaos. His office was orderly and businesslike, but thronged with petitioners, soldiers and peasants mostly, who presented to him one difficult question after another. At the moment he was deeply concerned over the problem of caring for the refugees who were pouring into Siberia, fleeing from the unendurable conditions in Russia. Thirty thousand of them had passed through Omsk in two weeks. I had had to pick my way over their wretched huddled bodies which covered every inch of the station floor. The man to whom I was talking was the representative of the power upon whom the responsibility for this pitiful emigration rested, yet his personality at once overcame the growing suspicion and resentment that I was inclined to feel against him on this account. We asked him frankly for advice and counsel as to what method we could best use in spreading through the press a feeling of understanding and friendliness toward America among Rus-

sians. His reply was simply an added confirmation of the fact that Russia, and particularly provincial Russia, was thinking in terms absolutely disconnected from any of the issues of the Great War. "We are not interested in the war—that is over as far as we are concerned. Tell us about any plans you have for economic relations with us. Tell us about your socialist and radical movements. We still regard America as a freer country than any of the other countries and are interested in your social questions." That was the burden of his counsel. As we visited one after another of the editors of the Omsk papers, we came to know personally how much they feared to print anything that might lead men to think in any other channels than those already made familiar by the great propaganda machine in Moscow. The America to which the City Commissar was looking was not the America I knew and loved, for I had found, through reading the papers published under his jurisdiction and by speaking with the men who edited them, that the ideas on which that America was founded and for which she had fought were here considered treasonable and counter-revolutionary.

On returning to my room one evening in Omsk, I discovered my hostess in distress because her husband, an Englishman, had been arrested. A squad of soldiers had marched into the house and carried him off without stating the charge. After some hours he returned to explain this little incident as follows: The wholesale confiscation of the goods of the Burjúi having proved insufficient to finance the needs of the Akmolinsk Provincial Soviet, he, along with a dozen Russians, had been arrested on the charge of having more than ten thousand rubles in the bank. They were haled before the governor of the prov-

ince, an energetic Jew who, in spite of an exaggeratedly curt and businesslike manner, had left a favorable impression on me when I called on him. They had been suddenly offered the alternative of paying over a certain sum in cash or going to jail. Not having been informed of the purpose for which they were arrested, no one had brought cash and so they accepted, willy-nilly, the alternative of jail. But the British lion was aroused in even the mild heart of my host, who protested that his rights as a British citizen rendered him immune from the necessity of replenishing the Soviet treasury with the savings of a lifetime of struggle and labor. This argument was evidently having some effect among the soldiers and onlookers who crowded the room, but the Commissar was equal to the occasion. He announced that he would release the Englishman if he would give him a check and that "as for getting the money back, you have a lot of our Russian Burjúi in England, your government can get it out of them." This sentiment met with enthusiastic approval. The Commissar was far too intelligent a man to attach any meaning to what he said. It simply showed his contempt for the intelligence of the soldiers and his certainty that any argument, no matter how absurd, would serve as long as it contained the word 'Burjúi' or 'proletariat' or 'counter-revolutionary' and was in general consonance with the fixed ideas created among its followers by the Bolshevik propaganda. It was indeed a mighty weapon that that propaganda had forged for him and placed in his hands by working incessantly on the passions and the vanity of ignorant men.

The day after the happy return of my host from his

visit to the governor, I was preparing to leave Omsk to go farther into Siberia when my hostess, returning from market, recounted how she had found there perhaps the greatest hubbub and confusion that had ever been witnessed. Inquiring into its cause, she found that the Red Guard were taking away the chickens the peasants had brought for sale, paying them the official price, far below the natural price they could easily obtain. I wondered what sort of reception the soldiers I had seen chosen to go to Siberia to get bread for their comrades in the Nobles' Assembly had met with from the peasants. The small incident of the chickens was but one of the many things that kept reminding me all the time that the interests of the peasants and the Bolsheviki were seldom identical, and were often directly opposed.

That night, while waiting for my train in the station at Omsk, I heard once more, especially from small tradesmen and railway workers, bitter complaints against the autocratic oppression of the Bolsheviki, generally accompanied by that all too familiar stolid acceptance of the inevitable "What can we do? They have all the arms." The eight hours spent there in conversation with the railway workers proved time well spent. For it was but another illustration of the fact that wherever the cardinal doctrine of Bolshevism was not dominant in a man's mind, an American was accepted as an honest man and a friend, and found among the people a welcome and response that gladdened his heart. It was confirmation of the fact that only where the doctrine of my friendly enemy at the All-Russian Congress was accepted from conviction or swallowed as propaganda, was an almost in-

surmountable barrier erected between American and Russian.

The nature of this barrier was made more clear to me in the small city of Krasnoyarsk, where our way next led. We talked with a very earnest editor of one of the Bolshevik papers in that city, and it was obvious that he regarded us as special pleaders for the capitalist class. He showed the greatest interest in all we could tell him about the actual living conditions of workmen in America, but seemed always to be trying to get at something beyond, something he evidently felt we were concealing about America. He at length inquired about the I. W. W. and said that if we could give him something to print about that he would be delighted to do so, for there spoke the real voice of America. My companion had said he had been a member of the American Socialist party and explained some of the reasons why it was not one of the great parties in America as it was in Russia, but the editor was not satisfied and, when we arose to go, he said, in a thoroughly sincere and somewhat tired and discouraged voice: "You must appreciate the difficulties under which we editors of the workmen's papers struggle. All the best journalistic brains have been and are with the other side. We are struggling against great odds. We can only do our best for the people."

In a later conversation the same day we discovered why this man could not believe we spoke the truth about America. We were standing in the bookstore of one of the coöperative societies in the centre of a knot of employees talking in a very jolly spirit about America and Russia. One of the employees was a convinced Bolshevik and defended his position most eloquently both against us and

against the other non-Bolshevik employees. He admitted that democracy was a good thing—a very good thing. It had filled a very important place in the development of human affairs, but it was only a transitional stage from monarchy to something better still. Russia, he said with enthusiasm, had simply jumped over the transitional stage into that much higher and better form—the dictatorship of the proletariat. He was insistent in his questions about the revolutionary class in America. Why were they so slow in acting? Who were their leaders? When would they take things into their own hands? We explained that there was no great revolutionary class in America because in America there was a government which could be controlled and altered in conformity with the will of the people. He laughed at this and told us as a fact that there was a great revolutionary class in America of which Russia never heard because it was suppressed by the capitalists, who held it down pitilessly. Neither this man nor the editor of the workmen's paper could conceive of any capitalistic country existing without a large and active revolutionary class. Their whole range of thought was so permeated by the doctrine of class war and class hate that the American who presented to them the traditional American point of view, must, in their eyes, be either a tool of the aggressive capitalistic power or a man ignorant of the real forces in his own country.

The Bolshevik clerk in the coöperative bookstore, with whom we were on friendly personal terms, took us the next day to witness the election of delegates to the local Soviet. It was now for the first time that my attention was drawn forcibly to the theory of occupational franchise.

This phase in the life and organization of the Soviet State, which I later found bulked largest of all its phases in the minds of men in my own country who wished to study it, had thus far, in spite of my five months in Bolshevik Russia, made little impression on me. Interesting and important as it was, it was not one of the burning issues involved in the October revolution. Enthusiasm for a system of election by economic groups hadn't stirred the peasants, hadn't recruited the Red Army, hadn't destroyed the Constituent Assembly, hadn't persecuted the Burjúi, hadn't been the motive that fired men's souls and strengthened their arms in battle. During these five months I had seen far deeper forces at work than a desire to establish and maintain this type of suffrage. The election in Krasnoyarsk was for twelve members of the city Soviet, to be chosen by the clerks and office workers. The Bolshevik faction was clearly outnumbered and sure to be defeated in a vote, although not one member of the Burjúi or Intelligentzia classes was present. They had been automatically disenfranchised. The first vote that was taken was on a question of credentials. The Bolsheviki were voted down two to one. As soon as the result was announced, their leader jumped to the platform and called upon all lovers of the rule of the proletariat to leave the hall. Deserted by the Bolshevik faction, the remaining two-thirds, finding a quorum remained, elected by due process of Soviet law twelve delegates pledged to urge a Constituent Assembly. True to their philosophy and their principles, the Bolsheviki refused to seat these delegates in the Soviet, held another meeting and elected twelve Bolshevik delegates to represent the clerks and office workers in the Soviet. Thus did we see the principle

of rule by the military minority proclaimed in Petrograd and Moscow and preached and printed all over Russia, work itself out relentlessly in practice.

We remained only a few days in Krasnoyarsk and then continued our journey to Irkutsk. Many marks still remained on the walls of that city of the terrible battle fought at Christmas time in a temperature of forty degrees below zero, when the Bolsheviki came into power for the first time. The bridge over the Angará, which was destroyed during the fighting, had not been repaired, and all the traffic was forced to ferry across the swift stream in the most uncomfortable possible manner. The Bolsheviki were not very secure in the saddle and all eyes were turned to possible foreign intervention and the operations of General Semiónof who had established a front against the Bolsheviki on the Manchurian border. There was a feeling of nervousness in Bolshevik circles. When we called upon Yanson, the nominal head of the government who occupied the ill-gained position of minister of foreign affairs for Siberia, we found in his whole manner and attitude a reflection of this nervousness. He was a tall, thin man who moved about in a peculiarly quiet, stealthy sort of way. He never looked anyone in the eye, never answered any question directly, or made more than a half promise. Our definite object in paying him a visit was to get the necessary permission to distribute such of our President's famous speeches as had a peculiar bearing on Russia. In closing a conversation that had led nowhere, I asked him frankly, "Do you recognize any difference of any kind between the Imperial Government of Germany and the Government of the United States?"

"None whatever," he replied languidly, shaking my hand for good-bye, "they are both imperialistic and capitalistic; we are fighting them both." This interview left a most uncomfortable impression of hypocrisy and insincerity that I had not previously felt when talking with Bolshevik officials. There was here no trace of the force and conviction of a man acting on a principle, even a hopelessly wrong principle. All that we heard even from Bolsheviki themselves confirmed the impression of that interview, that Yanson was one of the hangers-on, the adventurers, who seized his one chance to lift his name above the crowd and enjoy the exercise of power, if only for a short time. In striking contrast to this man was another adventurer with whom it became necessary for us to deal. A look of steady malignity not easily forgotten flashed from under the bushy eyebrows of Geitzman, a New York Jew, whom some trick of fortune had thrown into a position of power here in the middle of Siberia, as we sat opposite to him in his bare little office discussing ostensibly a question of passports, but really wondering how long the game he was playing would last, and what would be the outcome. His was a face in which cruelty and evil were written large, with no compensating force of character. It was no great surprise to hear that one of his henchmen had said to the American consul that they knew their power was insecure and that like sensible men they were making hay while the sun shone, ready to get away when the time came. These two men of the adventurer type, for whom the peculiar character of the Bolshevik movement, the darkness of the masses and the demoralization of the Intelligentzia at that period had thrown wide

open the doors of opportunity, were almost the last representatives of the Bolshevik régime whom I met.

On the first day of May 1918, the holiday of the International was celebrated in Irkutsk. I found a point of vantage among the spectators who thronged the main street of the town to watch the parade which was intended to mark the solidarity of the proletariat of all countries. As the Red Army filed by to martial music, although somewhat out of step at times, the peaked cap of the Austrian and the round cap with red band of the German occupied a prominent place of honor. All wore the red badge of common allegiance to the International and formed a gay and brightly colored spectacle. Their faces were drawn and furrowed, and hardened by privation and suffering. But it was not this First of May parade—interesting and to some degree pitiful as it was—that made the greatest impression on me that day. Another and stranger military review, the most fantastic I had ever seen, soon claimed my attention. I had been searching for a certain official and after much delay was finally directed to a large building in the centre of the city. At the entrance of the interior court of this building, I made inquiry from one soldier or another, and received the same answer, "He is here, but he is busying himself." I made a careful search and inquiry at all the entrances to the building which opened into the open central courtyard, without avail. Finally it occurred to me to look in the middle of the court itself where a company of people were drilling to whom I had not paid any particular attention. Among them was the man I sought. My astonishment at seeing him there was increased tenfold when I saw that the company of which he was one

was not a company of soldiers at all. Indeed, several women were among their number. The lean figure of Yanson was discernible and also the piercing black eyes of the adventurer Geitzman. Among the others were very familiar types. The long hair and thin face characteristic of the young man at the All-Russian Congress could be discerned under a soldier's hat, the bespectacled, bearded and shabbily dressed figures that had become familiar to me in Bolshevik offices, the boyish face of a young officer of the Red Guard, the clean-shaven, determined countenance, such as I had seen in the great cities, all were there and many more besides. It was a sort of Bolshevik panorama—indeed, it was the entire Irkutsk Executive Committee undergoing military training, in order to be ready to lead their men if it came to a last stand. They went through their exercises awkwardly enough, using sticks for guns, but on their faces there was a serious and anxious look that choked off the laughter that was rising to my lips. There was something Quixotic about this little scene; something that enforced a sort of a puzzled respect, where contempt seemed natural. But there was nothing Quixotic about the drill-master, whose Russian uniform was Russian indeed, but whose sharp and decisive orders, commanding bearing, clear voice and energetic manner, were suggestive of another race. Was it possible, making every allowance for peculiar local circumstances that men who took part in such a scene could be men who really represented the Russian people, and whose organization and philosophy had its roots in Russian needs and Russian character? The only suggestion of power which prevented the entire performance from taking on the character of farce and burlesque, was

furnished by the drill-master, whose bearing once more suggested that German militarism was active and powerful, even in the far corners of the earth.

It was with these thoughts in mind that I read an announcement posted throughout the city of an evening entertainment to be given by some Bolshevik organizations. It was almost the last thing I saw in Bolshevik Russia, for it was only a few hours after that I started on another journey, this time to breathe once more the free air of the outside world. But it lingered long in my memory. Written in big letters, I read, "Apotheosis of Karl Marx—Tableau of Marx surrounded by his Russian Children." What a picture that would be of the great German revolutionary philosopher, author of the Bolshevik Bible, the Communist Manifesto, seated among the simple Russian people, the továrishi, such as I had come to know to some degree. With what adoration, amounting almost to worship, they would look up into his face, not understanding his teachings except as reflected through the mirror of the Bolshevik propaganda, but needing the inspiration of a great name and a great leader. "We need a master," the peasants had said to me, their thoughts turning from the disorders of the present to the 'order' of the past, and the day when they looked upon the Czar as the Little Father. This same need of a master, in whose superior wisdom they could trust and who would do their thinking for them, was filled for the rank and file of the Bolsheviki, first by Lenine and Trotsky, but behind them and above them, not to be questioned or doubted, by an apotheosized Karl Marx.

And so the picture of the Bolshevik power in the first

months of its ascendancy became clear and definite at last. A virile, active minority, passionately believing that the supreme importance of class war and the rule of the proletariat justified any means that would bring them who were the real friends of the people, into power and keep them there, ruled through the medium of the Soviet machinery, the Red Army and unremitting vigorous propaganda. To this minority were attracted, in ever increasing numbers, the Russian Jew and the adventurer, ready to act with the convinced theoretical Bolsheviki, either from conviction or for advantage, in using the passions and desires of the people for the furtherance of their own ends and the destruction of the capitalist class. Surely it was not purely bitterness that caused Sverdlof, brother of the chairman of the Executive Committee of the Council of Workmen's, Soldiers' and Peasants' Deputies in Moscow, to say to some American friends in the early days of the October revolution: "I have sat with them day and night. I have been with them in all their discussions and debates. I cannot go with them, though my brother is among their leaders. They are all of four types—fanatics who make a religion of their theory; adventurers, who are in it for gain; ambitious men, who are in it for fame and power; and fools, who do not really understand what they are doing or why they do it." But among those he thus characterized as fanatics had been found men of extraordinary executive ability; able to build up a great political machine; quick to play off one enemy against another; able to understand and use to the utmost the needs and the weaknesses of the Russian people. It was a word full of wisdom that Kerenski said in exile: "Bolshevism is more dangerous to Russia than Czarism, for Czarism

the people know and understand, but they will be slow to discern that Bolshevism is the same thing under another form."

V.

THE INTELLIGENTZIA

PART I

I HAD found in both the masses and the Bolsheviki, a great deal, not of uniformity, but of unity and cohesion. As all the peasants were bound together by their common closeness to the soil and love of the 'Russian Land,' which was their world and their life, so the Bolsheviki were bound together by their common allegiance to the ideal of the social revolution and the rule of the proletariat, and by their common enthusiasm for the class war, exalted almost into an end in itself. Among the Intelligentzia, on the contrary, there was apparently neither uniformity nor unity. The term 'Intelligentzia' was applied to many totally different kinds of people separated by fundamental differences of training and outlook. It was generally used among the common people interchangeably with Burjúi and with a much broader meaning than its technical one whose English equivalent is 'Intellectual.' But yet the word 'Intelligentzia' evi-

dently represented a very definite and concrete concept in the minds of the peasants as well as of the Bolsheviki. If that were so, there must be some reason for it, some common characteristic shared by all the people who were neither peasant nor Bolshevik, general enough and important enough to justify their being grouped together under one class name. My first personal contacts with the Intelligentzia class, however, seemed only to intensify the impression of the immense differences that existed among the people who composed it.

Shortly after returning from the front, I met two ladies whose schooldays had been passed in Smolny and whose girlhood memories included many a brilliant ball in the Nobles' Assembly before it became the home of Trotsky's regiment. They were interested in the work for Russian girls begun in Petrograd by some American women, several of whom had been traveling companions of mine all the way from Vladivostok. To recall the details of that first journey in Russia and exchange impressions of the events and people among whom we had been thrown, I went one evening to the apartment on the Fontánka Canal, where these American ladies were living. I found sitting with them at tea a Russian countess, whose manner and bearing were vividly suggestive of the old régime. Her features were straight and clear-cut, almost classic, and she spoke surprisingly pure English in a very cultivated and well-modulated voice with just a trace of foreign intonation, which added a distinct charm. There was so much sympathy and kindness in her voice that it would have seemed absurd to attribute coldness or formality to her. Yet there was a reserve and aloofness about her that made our simple meeting very different from a

similar discussion among Americans alone. It was the poise and habit of command, coupled with an instinctive good breeding and cultivation, that was the natural result of her special training and inheritance—the training and inheritance of that brilliant Russian aristocracy which had sinned so deeply and had now to suffer so much, but whose representatives could boast a refinement of civilization unsurpassed anywhere.

After some time, another Russian lady, Madame B——, came to join us. The countess anxiously asked for the news, for every meeting between these people was sure to mean the exchange of news of ruin and death fallen upon their own families and their friends. And this occasion was no exception to the rule, for word had come of more acquaintances sent to Petropavlosk and of the sacking of the estate of a mutual friend, and his own terrible maltreatment at the hands of the peasants. "Only to think that they came with axes and chopped up the beautiful piano on which Rubinstein played!" How tragic was the destruction of those intangible values which meant so much in the lives of cultivated people! And yet as these two ladies talked of the violence of the peasants, there was no bitterness in their tones. They told us how in their own experience the peasants, after despoiling them of their estates and pillaging their homes, had been frightened at what they had done and had run to them for forgiveness and advice. "They simply do not know what they are doing. We cannot blame them who are like children." But when the Bolsheviki were mentioned it needed no psychologist to feel the full force of pride and anger that flowed behind the dignified reserve of these Russian noblewomen. The news was still fresh of the mock trial

of Countess Panin before a revolutionary tribunal. This persecution of a well-loved, generous and honorable woman, whose life had been given to helping the people, and whose great People's House stands in Petrograd as a monument to her name, was but an added sorrow and grief to a cup already running over. Whatever may have been the sins of the social order into which these ladies had been born and of which they were in many respects truly representative, I felt as I took leave of them that I had come in contact with a quality and a fineness that represented a magnificent tradition. If, in the great cataclysm through which we were living, the good that grew out of that tradition must totally perish along with its great evils, Russia would lose much that had in the past enriched her national history, and which could never be replaced.

Our home in Petrograd was in the house of a prominent manufacturer on the Ligovka. Over the entrance hung the American flag, and on the door itself there was posted a document to show that the house was inhabited by Americans and was under American protection. Every time I entered I tried to conceive of a situation in America where I would have to flee to the protection of a foreign flag against my own people, and rely on the presence of foreigners in my home for the protection of my property. And yet it was taken as a matter of course in Petrograd in those dark days.

The great house, that had once harbored a gay and cheerful life, was now like an empty shell. It could not be heated properly, and the chill of its big halls and formal rooms seemed to have fallen on the family itself. They lived there passively, accepting the inexorable prog-

ress of events outside, but with feelings of resentment and injury never more than half concealed. An ancient butler who had spent his life with the family still ministered to their wants, obtaining flour now and then from the country and acting as a living reminder of better days. To us as guests was extended the fullest measure of hospitality. Friends came and went and on Sunday evenings they gathered to play games and dance and try to forget their many misfortunes. As the sound of light-headed laughter reached us from these Sunday evening parties, which somehow we had not the heart to attend, the thought would rise in our minds: "How can they do it? How can they have time or heart for it when their country is falling to pieces around them—when even we foreigners have no spirit for anything beyond the day's work?" Yet I could not plan out in my own mind a concrete alternative of what they ought to do. Every avenue of positive action seemed closed to them. An American recently arrived in Russia, knowing very imperfectly the situation and the people, had no right to criticise or blame. I was living in a house where there was much suffering which commanded my respect and sympathy. But still, in spite of the brave and vigorous personality of one of the girls of the family, there was a general atmosphere of impotence and futility that greatly increased the feeling of nervous depression and exasperation which was the common possession of everyone in Petrograd at the close of 1917.

In this house it became my duty to see, every other evening, two young men. They had been students in Petrograd University and had served throughout the war at the front. Both wore the St. George's cross. They were of very simple antecedents, very plain and unassuming

in appearance, awkward in manner, and dressed in rather worn and nondescript military clothes. They had come to ask for work, and as it had been found necessary to supplement the irregular and totally unreliable newspaper news of the advance of the Germans on Petrograd, they were asked by the Americans to go out to the so-called front, and mingle with returning soldiers and officers to get first-hand information. As I met them each night for their reports, I came to appreciate the ghastly situation in which these two quiet, unknown young Russians were placed. Each had a wife and baby in Petrograd and their daily struggle was to get enough to feed them and warm them. Often they went without food themselves to save a few of the rubles they earned from the Americans. They were faced with a terrible future, for with the departure of the Americans their last hope of earning money was gone. They had been to every conceivable place to get work—had even applied at all the Bolshevik offices and chancelleries. Here the first question had always been, "Do you believe in the Soviet régime?" They had answered, "Yes." "Will you do everything you can to support it?" They had answered, "Yes." "Have you an education?" "Yes, we are graduates of Petrograd University." "Ah, we don't want that sort of clever fellow around here." It was heartbreaking to think that, after their four years' service at the front, the mere fact that they were university men should condemn them to ruin and despair. But it was true. "What will you do when we go?" I asked, almost holding my breath. The answer was simple and spoken almost without a tremor, "Death from hunger."

And so, without even knowing or greatly caring at first

about the political opinions of these people, I came to see how much was included in the word 'Burjúi,' and to appreciate the tragedy of the Intelligentzia class. The noble ladies I had met on the Fontánka, the family of the successful manufacturer and business man with whom I lived, the two student officers, whose very insignificance did not protect them from persecution, were all immensely different from each other. They all moved in different worlds and there was no unity, no cohesion to make them work together. Yet, for the purposes of the Bolshevik propaganda, they were lumped into one great class,—"Burjúi—Intelligentzia—enemies of the people," and all suffered persecution alike, deprived by their inheritance and training of the possibility of acting together to defend themselves or their country.

Such glimpses as these, caught here and there in the confusion of life in Petrograd, gave me my first personal contact with the Intelligentzia. Later in Moscow more opportunities were opened to me, and I found an ever increasing charm in meeting Russian gentlefolk in an atmosphere free from the terrible nervous intensity of Petrograd. The recollection of a visit to a Russian artist, whose dining-room was a charming copy of the interior of a peasant izbá, and whose pictures showed much of the extraordinary vitality and nationalism of Russian art, lives in my memory. So also does the memory of an evening call at the small apartment of a pomiéschik's or landowner's family. The whole family gathered around the samovar, and exchanged reminiscences of the comfortable, free and active life they used to lead in their country estate in the heart of Russia among their peasants. One of the girls sang some old Russian ballads,

giving full expression to all they held of the sadness and the gaiety and the mysticism of Russian character. And then the two girls put on the Russian peasant dresses, with white caps and aprons and red and blue skirts and heavy beads and bracelets, which they wore on their estate in the summer, and danced the peasant dances to their own vocal accompaniment. It suggested a life so pleasant, so natural and so fitting in Russia that even the cold realities of the time could not make me believe it was gone forever. The whole evening was so jolly and friendly that it was easy to forget that these people were living with the sword of Damocles hanging over their heads. Yet the floor below and the floor above had been requisitioned by the Bolsheviki. Their turn might come at any moment, when they would find themselves homeless in the street or their home invaded by Bolshevik soldiers or by some insolent commissar.

Some days later I went to a large girls' school in Moscow to see a company of peasants, gathered from all over Russia by a lover of their simple art, give their dances, sing their songs and tell the stories handed down from generation to generation. The halls and corridors were thronged with students, dressed in the extremely simple black and brown uniform of the Russian schoolgirl. They were the children of the 'enemies of the people,' according to the philosophy of the then rulers of Russia, but their bright, intelligent faces, their grace and poise of bearing, showing even at a glance good breeding and good blood, gave infinite promise that they might prove that philosophy false and take an important part in the leadership of a future Russia—really free at last. For they were growing up in the discipline of stormy

times in which the inheritance their fathers struggled against could not bind and limit them.

The performance I had come to see was all I had expected and more. After the dances were over, a professor in the Moscow University arose to express the appreciation of the audience. A few sentences about the value and importance of encouraging and keeping alive the ancient customs and manners of the peasants, dear to all true Russians, was followed by a very long political discourse. The speaker rambled on from one thing to another, speaking sometimes in a solemn tone, sometimes tremblingly, sometimes in anger. I could not then understand enough to follow, but felt that we had come there to see peasant dances, not to hear a political oration. As we went out, I said to one of my friends: "Why do you Russians mix your politics so much with other things? Wasn't a long political speech rather out of place here today?" The look of reproach that met this careless remark of mine was more than enough to dispel the feeling of optimism into which the outward calm and composure of my friends had led me. "You must remember that this is the agony of Russia. We cannot meet together without thinking of Russia's suffering and of how we can help her, no matter what it is that calls us together." I felt ashamed and began to realize more deeply what it cost them to keep up the courage to "carry on," when their whole life, their customs and traditions, their country's honor, their own happiness—all were being trampled in the dust by a power they were not competent to cope with and with which they felt in their whole being there could be no agreement nor compromise.

Most of the Intelligentzia whom I had met had taken

part in the February revolution which overthrew the Czar, had felt the thrill and exaltation of the first days of freedom, but had now seen their hopes dashed to the ground, and their vision of a new Russia shattered by the Bolshevik revolution. It had become almost a matter of course for me to assume that this was true of the Intelligentzia in general. It was, therefore, with no little interest that I began to see something of the point of view of those to whom, not the October revolution only, but the February revolution as well, was a nightmare and a calamity. This genuinely aristocratic point of view, which Americans have been prone to associate with nearly all Russians of the upper class, was reflected unmistakably in the entire attitude of one of the young women who worked in the office of the American Committee on Public Information in Moscow. Once, in conversation with her, one of the American staff said, "I haven't met many monarchists in Moscow yet." There was fiery indignation and open incredulity in her response. "Whom can you have been associating with not to have met many monarchists? We are all monarchists." It was evident that my charming Moscow friends could not by any possibility be included in that term "we." "We" meant the limited circle whose life centred about the court. The readjustment that this girl had to make was indeed a great one. Hating her work, feeling humiliated at having to work for pay to support herself, and anxiously waiting for the moment when she could return to her own proper position in life and be free of this sordid necessity, she nevertheless worked well and conscientiously. Sometimes during the day she would stop to talk with us Americans. As was natural, American views of life and American condi-

tions came under discussion. To her they seemed so utterly wrong, so destructive, so blasphemous, I had almost said, that she could only shake her head and repeat the time-honored arguments for class and rank, aristocracy and absolute monarchy. For her it was not a question of arguments but of feeling, and all her instinctive feelings compelled her to defend the court of Nicholas. She did not conceive of Nicholas as responsible to the people whom he ruled, but judged the people by their loyalty to him. She was shocked to hear the opinion expressed that the suffering and even the death of the Czar and the Czarévitch might be balanced by a greater gain to all the people. Her heart was filled with pity for Nicholas as a man, her loyalty to his person seemed to have something almost religious in it. A particularly outrageous story to the effect that one of the Czar's ministers had been kept in office solely because he could jump out from behind a curtain and make a noise like a tiger to amuse the Czarévitch was mentioned. She blushed deeply and said: "Yes, it is true. I did not know you knew it. We never speak of those things. I wish we had a better Czar. But without a Czar there can be no Russia."

This attitude on the part of Miss A—— was entirely personal and unreasoned. She was willing to excuse and overlook all the faults of the old régime, even when shamed and angered by them—if only the court and the Czar were preserved. On her own showing she was one of 'The Black Hundred,' as I had heard them pictured at the front. Between her and Americans there could be no common meeting place, except the human one of sympathy for one whose future holds no hope. For her dream,

unlike the dream of the greater part of the Intelligentzia, could never be realized. The Russia of her love and loyalty would never be, and ought never to be restored. She must lose everything she held dear—forever—if Russia was to find her real freedom and again hold up her head in the family of nations.

But the sweeping condemnation of all monarchists, to which Miss A——'s earnest defense of Czarism inclined me was considerably modified by the reasonable and defensible ground taken by another Russian aristocrat in defense of monarchy. He was a man of unquestioned integrity, sympathetic to American ideas, anxious to further understanding and friendship between America and Russia. His attitude was that of a constitutional monarchist, repudiating the old absolutism and the old régime, but insisting that Russia was not yet ripe for an extremely democratic form of government. "Russia," he said, "has not had the training, the self-discipline needed for a democracy—the most difficult of all forms of government. Her people are hopelessly ignorant. Time must elapse to get them gradually ready for more and more freedom. For each country the government suited to its needs. Russia needs a constitutional monarchy." I met him one day, after returning from the Congress of All-Russian Workmen's, Soldiers' and Peasants' Deputies, and began to talk with him of the deception of the peasant delegates that had taken place there, and of the uncompromising class-war philosophy which my chance radical acquaintance had expounded to me in the lobby. He replied that precisely because the Bolsheviki practiced those methods and adhered to that philosophy he did not fear them, for their tactics were so violent, their economics

so weird, and their oppression would soon be so obvious that they could never rule Russia long. "They will kill themselves," he said, waving his hand toward Bolshevik headquarters opposite the wonderful Sovelevski monument past which we were going. "The people we fear are the social revolutionaries. They are the ones who are really dangerous for Russia."

"Divide and conquer" has been a time-honored military policy. The question that had been lying half answered in my mind ever since I had begun my pilgrimage in Russia, "Why don't the Intelligentzia put up a better fight? How can it be possible for the Bolsheviki to work their will with Russia without arousing a storm of universal opposition?" had been answered in part by the strength of the positive forces with which they worked, and in part by the nervelessness of such people as my hosts on the Ligovka. The attitude of my monarchist friend now suggested a further answer. If the constitutional monarchists believed the social revolutionists were their real enemies, then, for the Bolsheviki, the enemy was already divided, and divided so widely that there was little hope of united action on their part.

After leaving Moscow behind and traveling into Siberia in the early part of 1918, there came to me still another explanation of the lack of effective opposition to the Bolsheviki. It came as the cumulative result of continued intimate association with men and women of the Intelligentzia class. In Irkutsk, I was received into the hospitable house of Mr. R——, one of the leading citizens of that attractive Siberian city. He was a scientist and student. He had been a man of wealth, but successive Bolshevik requisitions had reduced him to

comparative poverty. His house, a large, low, two-story building of wood, painted white with green blinds, stood within a large open court which was surrounded by a high, white wall. Its windows looked out on a lovely garden. It was a house expressive of dignity, repose and refinement, and the life that had gone on within it had been a happy and dignified one. Every evening, as we sat according to Russian custom at the long table where a dear old lady, enduring with forbearance and gentleness great physical infirmity, presided over the samovar, one friend after another dropped in to talk over old times and present troubles. The burden of much of the conversation was the expectant question, never to be answered in the way they hoped: "When will America help us out of our unendurable suffering? Why does America not come to drive out the Bolsheviki?" The significant, the disheartening note that lay beneath this question and gave to it an almost distrustful plaintiveness was that struck so often by the simple statement: "Of ourselves we can do nothing. They have all the arms. Russia can never pull herself through alone. Oh, if we could only have some help—if our Allies would not desert us in our hour of need!" When they spoke of the past, it was as if they were recalling memories of some old order of things already irretrievably lost, which they were impotent to restore.

There was something about these evening conversations in this friendly and comfortable home into which I had been so cordially received, that was already familiar to me, something that recalled the peasant soldiers standing about the hut at the front, lamenting that fire was destroying it, and that they would enjoy its benefits

no more. It was a common Russian trait, an acceptance of the inevitable, a yielding to the overwhelming pressure of events, stoical, passive, inexpressibly sad, which peasants and Intelligentzia shared alike. Who would be the leader who would carry on his shoulders the burden of this terrible inertia, around whom could gather those Russian men who would not yield to the fatalism that lays so heavy a blight on every effort toward progress in Russia? My host and his friends were looking for such a man on horseback. "If some hero, like the great men of old, could but arise! But, alas, we do not see him." Words of hope and optimism for the future, spoken in the belief that Russia must arise triumphant from her terrible trial, were indeed assented to. But what answer could an American, secure in his foreign citizenship and in his certainty of home and comfort in his own prosperous land, find to the added phrase, "But for us, who must live through it, what hope is there?"

The Czar's régime had forced educated people who were not of the bureaucratic hierarchy to live in a world of theory, without political responsibility, lacking the necessity of getting along with men of other opinions in practical affairs of government, and free to form abstract and dogmatic political theories without the correctives of practical politics. It had forced them to act secretly and to suspect everyone. But it had preserved a social equilibrium under which their rights and privileges were to a certain extent safeguarded. When the old régime was replaced by a new one that did not respect these rights and privileges, they, along with the bureaucrats who had ruled over them, simply submitted to the rule of force. There were moments when one was tempted to accept as

true the unqualified assertion made oftentimes by men who knew Russia, "Russia can be ruled only by the knout." The apparent impossibility of concerted action on the part of the Intelligentzia against the Bolsheviki seemed to add new meaning to the ancient Russian saying, handed down from the earliest days of Russian history: "Our land is rich and fertile, but there is no order in it. *Come and rule over us.*"

But there were some men among the Intelligentzia who were not crushed by the completeness of the Bolshevik victory, and who were still alert and ready to seize any opportunity and follow any method by which they might give practical expression to the ardor and idealism of which the first revolution had been the finest expression. In May 1918, not long after leaving Irkutsk, as I then believed to leave Russia forever, I met a man who rekindled faith and reestablished hope that those who by position, instinct, education and training should be the leaders of Russia, would reassert their leadership and reestablish their country. Special conditions had made a continuance of propaganda work in Siberia impossible. As the best way out of Siberia, my companion and I had chosen to strike south from the Trans-Siberian Railway by river to Mongolia and continue by automobile to Kalgan. With a feeling of great relief at being at last free of Russian trains, we found ourselves on board the little paddle-wheel steamboat *Rabotnik,* making its way painfully upstream on the Selengá River, bound from Verkhniúdinsk to Troitskosávsk on the Russian-Mongolian boundary line, leaving the Trans-Siberian Railway farther and farther behind to the northeast. In addition to ourselves and a number of Russians, there were numer-

ous Chinese, Buriats and picturesque Mongols dressed in brilliant colors among its passengers. One of the Russians was a man apparently about thirty-odd years of age, who made a strong impression on me from the moment I saw him. He was strong, athletic, with erect and vigorous carriage, short in speech and decisive in action. He wore high black boots and a plain blue coat of military cut. This was Mr. K——, to whom we had letters of introduction. He had, we had heard in Irkutsk, been condemned by order of the Bolsheviki to hard labor in the Cheremkhóva mines, a place which had a black tradition of cruelty and suffering under the Czar's régime, and which was now used in the same evil manner by the Bolsheviki. He had somehow been released and was returning to his home in Troitskosávsk. There seemed to be a reserve of power, a decision of character about this man that went far to lighten the burden of depression into which the past six months had cast me. He too had suffered, and suffered perhaps more than my friends in Irkutsk, but his spirit was unbroken, his resolution unshaken. He was biding his time, and, from the little that the circumstances permitted us to gather from him, was ready with an intelligent and practical plan of action when the time should come. In assisting us, planning for our further journey through Mongolia to Pekin, Mr. K—— was very kind, very definite and very efficient. Kindness from Russians we had grown to expect, and I was grateful for it. But more than that, it was tremendously reassuring to meet a man with both feet on the ground, with well-balanced judgment and great present-mindedness, who must, after all, have been only one of thousands and thousands of the same type whose prac-

tical energy had built up the mighty Empire of Russia, and who could be depended on to carry through the immense work of reconstruction of the next fifteen or twenty years.

In the course of her two days' journey, the *Rabotnik* touched at the small town of Selengá. It was here that a number of the Decembrists had been sent into exile after the failure of their desperate and dramatic revolt. The Decembrists, called so from the date on which their famous exploit was attempted, were leaders of various secret societies which had sprung up under the reign of Alexander I when the growth of liberalism among the officer and intellectual class had taken such notable strides. On the death of Alexander I, Constantine, the heir apparent, refused the throne, but his formal abdication was kept secret from the people. When, therefore, on December 14, 1826, Alexander's younger brother, Nicholas, proclaimed his accession, and asked the troops to take the oath of allegiance to his person, there was a moment of hesitation on the part of the people, who demanded Constantine and a constitution. This was the moment chosen by the Decembrists for a decisive military coup in favor of a constitution. But the attempt was ruthlessly suppressed and only increased the severity of the rule of the martinet Nicholas I.

Sitting about the small table in the cabin of the *Rabotnik,* one or two of the Russians who lived at Selengá recalled the local traditions of how the exiled Decembrists lived out their days as respected, useful citizens of the settlement, keeping ever in touch with the revolutionary movements throughout Russia. How infinitely distant this quiet settlement on the outskirts of

Mongol civilization seemed from the square before the Winter Palace in Petrograd, where these bold men had struck their first blow for freedom in the face of almost certain death and exile. How full of inspiration for the Russian of our own day should be the thought of how they kept alive the spark of liberty, even in this far corner of the earth. They were young Russian officers —members of the class of all classes against which the hatred of the new tyranny was directed. And yet their names live in Russian history as apostles of freedom and liberty. Nicholas I sent the Decembrists to the limit of his empire in disgrace, but their spirit lived on to overwhelm his dynasty. Lenine had scattered the lovers of liberty of my own day to the four winds, but, as I passed by that place where these old pioneers of a hundred years ago had found a refuge and lived undaunted and constant in spirit, I had abundant faith to believe that he could never prevent the eventual triumph of their ideal of liberty.

Quite unexpectedly this journey, which led farther and farther away from the turmoil of revolutionary Russia, brought us into contact with something of the old Russia that was no more—a remnant that from its very isolation had remained untouched by the all-pervading changes which were taking place throughout the empire. We spent our last night on Russian soil in Troitskosávsk, and early the next morning passed over that extraordinary open space between Troitskosávsk and Maimachen which marks dramatically the boundary between Siberia and the Orient. Looking back toward Russia, we saw the familiar row of low, solidly built, white wooden buildings of a Russian small town street, and the domes of an

Orthodox church rising behind, with Russian soldiers and peasants moving about here and there. Looking ahead we saw the wall of a Chinese city, over which appeared the graceful lines of tiled roofs. Through the main gate we could catch a glimpse of the thriving life of an Oriental city, the coolies with their burdens, the sellers of food and money changers in the street, the gay paper and wooden signs outside the stores, the brightly decorated gates of blue and gold and green, leading to the interior courts, paper latticed windows, and the entrance of a temple. Nothing remained of Russia. And yet, after a wonderful three days' drive through the Mongolian hills, we did meet Russia again in Urga, capital of Inner Mongolia. Coming to the top of a long ascent through barren and inhospitable hills, there burst upon us one day a view of a great wide valley spread out below. At our feet lay the Mongol city. We entered its main street, passing by the shining new temple, with square white base and gilded roof, feeling as if we were in a new world. Mongols in red and yellow, married women with huge headdresses to mark their condition, camels leaning picturesquely against the stucco walls of the Chinese houses, a caravan being unloaded in the main square, a train of oxcarts and yaks moving infinitely slowly, a glimpse of the entrance to street after street of plain wooden barricades, behind which we could see the round tops of the Mongol urtas[1]—all made an impression of indescribable confusion and immense interest. Some miles beyond lay the Chinese town—for China here was the nominal suzerain and the commercial ruler. In between on a rising bit of ground

[1] Native Mongolian houses, usually so constructed as to be readily moveable.

stood—old Russia. A great barren-looking red brick building, inhospitable, threatening, towered there like a symbol of military power and mastery. It was the Russian consulate. Near by were some pleasant, comfortable-looking Russian houses, white with green blinds, and, peeping out behind one of them, the tiny domes of a Russian chapel attached to one of the buildings. We were not long in finding out from Chinese and Mongols how the power which that grim and dreary pile represented had been feared, and how they had rejoiced when the revolution relaxed its grip and freed them from fear of Russia.

A day or so after our arrival, we went to this great red Russian consulate to dine. We were received with a friendly formality. The consul appeared in his official uniform. Members of the staff and of the Russian colony arrived. Dinner was sumptuous and dignified. Talk fell naturally upon the life and character of the Mongols over whom these men had recently ruled, and whom they regarded as the rightful and natural property of Russia. On this subject they were indeed qualified to speak with authority, for they knew Mongolia as no other foreigners knew it, and their pride in Russian enterprise and Russian initiative in opening up this ancient land had a solid foundation. No reference was made to what had happened in Russia. Life here seemed to flow in the old channels. The lifelong habit of command, the consciousness of official dignity and position could not be thrown off, and lent force and charm to their speech and manner. It seemed curious to think that the Russia they represented was no more, that they could not technically be said to represent anyone—and yet, sitting at their table in that far-away corner of the earth, one could not but realize

the greatness of the past that lay behind them, that had pushed the Slav and his civilization even to the distant corners of the earth as a dominating and imperial race.

It was but a momentary glimpse of old Russia that I caught at Urga. At Pekin orders reached us to return to Harbin, and in a few weeks I was once more thrown into the whirlpool of contemporary events—this time in non-Bolshevik Russia. Coming north from Pekin, I entered the uncertain life of Harbin at a time when that city was isolated from Russia, ignorant of the great events being brought to pass in Siberia by the Czechs, and very nervous as to the attitude of the Allies. There was much in that particular community, filled as it was with refugees from every quarter of Russia, to dishearten a foreigner whose first contact with Russian people should happen to be made in that least representative city of the empire. Harbin is a railroad city, surrounded by an Oriental civilization. Composed of three distinct towns, official Russian, Jewish and Chinese, acted on by the most conflicting and selfish currents of world politics, it could never seem truly Russian. To judge of Russia by the way men acted in Harbin would be unfriendly—it would be unjust. And yet, disregarding entirely the peculiar political conditions that prevailed in the summer of 1918, it was full of unusual opportunity for observation of all the types that make up the great Intelligentzia class.

In the effort to escape the heat and dust of a scorching summer, I dined many an evening on the porch of the Railroad Club. From here one could watch the people passing in review in the open space in a park where there was music at nine o'clock and in and out among its paths and walks. The extraordinary variety in dress on the

part of the men which had first arrested my attention in the foyer of the Art Theatre in Moscow, was very noticeable here. Uniforms, both military and civil, coats and trousers of different colors and materials and of every conceivable cut, which, if worn together in my own convention-bound New York, would have created a riot, gave full expression to the individual personality of the wearers. I had several times remarked upon this difference between our own custom and the Russian, and my Russian friends had raised their hands in horror at the thought of everyone dressing alike. What an unmistakable evidence of the unimaginative character of our people! The freedom from conventionality in dress universal in Russia must surely have some significance. Perhaps it was an outward sign of the striking individualism of the Russian Intelligentzia of which every conversation with educated Russians gave evidence. It was their intellectual refusal to be bound by conventions that led to that extraordinarily exact definition of political faith that I had gradually come to expect from Russians. No one seemed to be a simple Social Revolutionary or a Menshevik, but was either a Social Democrat of the right, or a Menshevik of the left, or fell in a category between the two, too refined for American comprehension. But, after all, a practical American ought to pause and reflect before smiling at clothes that appeared to him absurd, and being angered at refinements of classification and analysis that seemed an immense hindrance to political action. It may well be that they are in some degree a manifestation in the common ordinary affairs of life of the subjective, artistic, creative nature of the Russian national character which has left her behind us in practical matters, but which has

produced other values in art and literature for which America can point to no equivalent.

The civil uniforms also suggested another characteristic of the Russian Intelligentzia that I had felt before I came to Harbin and was increasingly conscious of afterward. Half of the people before me fell at once into definite classes—students, civil engineers, railroad engineers, nachálniks (officials) of one sort or another. There was no question as to exactly what position in life a large proportion of the civilians in the park of the Railroad Club occupied. And it seemed to me that each civil uniform I saw before me carried with it certain very definite prerogatives, not in the sense of special privileges, as the term is generally understood,—although doubtless they were there too,—but a particular sort of mental, intellectual special privilege. To an American who had been accustomed to meet his fellow citizens just as fellow citizens, without very great concern as to their exact position and classification in the social group, it had often come as a surprise and as a slight annoyance to be addressed by a Russian acquaintance 'in his capacity as a Russian writer, or a Russian engineer, or a Russian publicist, or a Russian of those who think in terms of the public interest.' I often longed to talk to my Russian friends just as Russians, and not in any particular capacity. For they seemed to mark off for themselves a certain province of knowledge and thought where they were supreme, and within which no suggestion or observation from an outsider who was not a 'writer,' or an 'engineer,' or a 'publicist,' etc., could be really seriously considered. Perhaps the two lines of thought that the dress of the better class of people of Harbin gave rise to, as I watched them in the

pleasant surroundings of the park of the Railroad Club, led to a paradox. On the one hand a refusal to be bound by convention in dress argued an individualism that was contradicted by the presence of the civil uniform on the other, for there is nothing more hostile to individualism than uniform. To reconcile the apparent paradoxes in Russian life could not lie within the province of an American observer, for Russia is the land of paradoxes, and they must be accepted rather than explained away. Yet to me, the civil uniform was an outward sign of the way in which the Intelligentzia class was broken up into a large number of small, sharply defined, highly specialized groups, a condition which gave infinite opportunity for misunderstanding and friction at a time when the crisis of the country demanded that every distinction be sunk in the common brotherhood of Russian culture and Russian nationality.

Among the newspapers published in Harbin was a radical paper called *Labor,* a small struggling sheet, which seldom appeared in New Town, the official railroad section of the city. In the course of the propaganda work in which I was engaged, I had occasion to call upon the editor of this paper. A more unpretentious office than his it would be difficult to imagine. One came to it through an alley way and several empty rooms. I was welcomed there by a young man with an open smile and fair curly hair. He called in a sharp-featured, rather pale and tense, but very intelligent young woman, his fellow editor, and we sat down to talk. *Labor* had been three times suppressed for printing criticisms of the existing régime of General Horvath. I read the articles, which were ill-judged to be sure, but certainly no stronger than many

criticisms of the government that appear daily in my own country. Three times the paper had to change quarters and reappear under a new name; and each time the capital at the editor's command was dangerously eaten into, and now another repetition of the misfortune—certain to bring on financial ruin—was impending. The genuine interest in, and sympathy with, America shown by the two editors of *Labor* was an immense contrast to the attitude of the editors of the Bolshevik newspapers I had met, who had been unwilling to conceive of an America without a great repressed revolutionary class. From America, and plans and hopes for a better understanding between America and Russia, we drifted to the subject uppermost in their minds—the denial by the Horvath Government of the right of free speech. Hating the Bolsheviki, they yet feared reaction to the old régime more, and told me that most of the things that should be said and known about the way in which their people—the working people—were being treated, they dared not print. They were convinced that the Horvath Government was absolutely monarchist, and, although they were weak and without any powerful support, they were sure that they could feel the pulse of the people better than men who bore the stigma of close association with the old régime, and that the ultimate triumph would be with them. I should have considered them very radical and visionary socialists had I met them in America, and should not have agreed at all with their political philosophy, but, as they spoke with earnest, carefully chosen words about the longing of Russia to be free to develop some workable democratic form of government, and to express the will of her people through a Constituent Assembly, and to be free from the

tyranny of the Bolsheviki and the 'Black Hundred' alike, I knew that they spoke the truth. Many small indications that I had seen of the yearning of the Russian people after their own proper form of free institutions—each one too small perhaps for particular notice, but in the aggregate leaving a powerful impression on the mind—came back to me to confirm their words and to justify their faith.

Not long after talking with these two young people who were carrying on a fight for a principle in this humble and limited way, I set out from Harbin for Vladivostok on the first train to leave after communication was restored with that city. It was a special train, which was taking Madame Horvath, the wife of General Horvath, head of the Chinese Eastern Railway and dictator of Manchuria, to join her husband. We traveled in a big dining car which had been partitioned off to provide sleeping quarters for Madame Horvath. The General himself was at Grodékova where he had issued a proclamation declaring himself supreme ruler of all Russia. This pilgrimage of his in a special train to a point just within the Russian boundary, so that he might be on the soil of Russia when he declared himself her ruler, seemed grotesque, in view of the general situation in that vast distracted country. The fact that Madame Horvath's journey was made without his knowledge and as a surprise added an element of comedy. And yet, on first meeting and talking with this lady, the same feeling of respect and admiration came to me that I had felt when I first met the two ladies of the old régime on the Fontánka in Petrograd. There was the same perfect poise, the same dignity of bearing, the same pleasing reserve and

formality, the same well-modulated voice and grace of expression. She spoke as one long accustomed to command, but in what she said about the Russian people and their problems there was much kindness and gentleness. This was particularly true when she spoke of the peasants. The point of view she expressed was already familiar to me—Russia was unready for democratic government —her people ignorant, unaccustomed to political thought and action, a fertile soil for the demagogue, needing to be carefully led and only gradually given the privileges of democracy when ready for them. Much that I had already seen, both of the peasant and of the Intelligentzia, made this point of view appear eminently reasonable, especially when expressed by one whose antecedents and whose whole life gave her the right to speak with authority, and of whose honesty of purpose and love for Russia I could entertain no doubts. But, somehow, I felt that this gracious and intellectual woman was following a line of thought which, judged by reason alone in the cold light of the facts, political, psychological and economic, could not be denied or shaken, but which was spiritually wrong. I felt instinctively that the humble editors of *Labor,* with whose political and social philosophy I had scant sympathy, had more correctly weighed the desires of the people, and had more truly grasped the spiritual values of the times than she. Memories of the exaltation of spirit of the mass of the delegates in the Moscow Congress of All-Russian Workmen's, Soldiers' and Peasants' Deputies, of the earnestness of the majority of the Soviet election in Krasnoyarsk that stood for a Constituent Assembly and had been overridden by force, of the thousand and one manifestations of eager sympathy and desire to know

about American democracy that I had met from all kinds of men—all these crowded into my mind as evidence that the Russia of my day was a Russia groping blindly about for some way to realize an ideal of freedom for which she was in almost every sense unprepared, but for which she would accept no permanent substitute.

VI.

THE INTELLIGENTZIA

PART II

IN September 1918, the Czechs, who had been fighting their way eastward toward the sea against overwhelming odds in their effort to join the Allies on the Western front, at last joined forces with Semiónof at Manchuria Station. Semiónof's army was of a very nondescript character, being composed largely of Buriats, and volunteer Cossacks, with an intermingling of Chinese mercenaries and some old Russian soldiers. But with this force he had held the Siberian-Manchurian frontier for months against the Bolsheviki in spite of lack of support from Harbin, and the hostility which the violence of his irregular soldiers awakened among those they were protecting. As soon as this junction was made and the railway into Siberia was again open, I started once more over the same journey on which I had set out with a light heart and a care-free spirit a year before. It had been a year of awakening to the terrible realities of the life of the men

and women of Russia who existed under such a strain of alternating hope and fear, crushing sorrow, disillusionment and passion. During these twelve months I had been caught up in a maelstrom of conflicting ideas, philosophies and theories and had felt, not only an immense human sympathy, but also a challenge to analyze and to justify American ideas of life and theories of government in the fierce light of other men's fundamentally different convictions.

A week's journey over familiar ground brought me to Irkutsk once more. The city had an appearance of tranquillity. The bridge which the Bolsheviki had left unrepaired so many months now gave free access from the railroad station to the main section of the city across the Angará. The marks of artillery fire were gradually being obliterated. Newspapers of various political faiths were being published. The city government established after the liberation of Irkutsk by the Czechs now functioned through the normal Russian agencies of local government—the Zemstvos and City Councils.

It was with the greatest interest that I went to call upon the new governor of Irkutsk Province—Iákovlef, who had taken over the reins of power from Yanson, Geitzman and the other Bolshevik commissars. In the anteroom I noticed that no preference was given to rank or station, but that each petitioner for an interview with the governor was received in the order of arrival. After a short wait, I, in my turn, was ushered into the governor's office. In the middle of the comfortably furnished, formal room at one end of which his desk stood, I found a man of middle stature, dressed in a black Russian blouse and black boots reaching up to his knees, without any

indication in his dress of rank or position. He wore a full brown beard, curly and carefully combed, and moved with great natural dignity. He was a man close to the heart of the peasant, a fitting representative of the true Russia which still remained beneath all the turmoil and trouble of the times. I had not talked with him long before this became very clear, for his face lit up with warmth and kindliness and interest as soon as we began to talk of peasant problems. It was the peasant interests he had at heart—his whole life had been given to working for their betterment. He was a man who used his power chiefly as a means toward the solution of the fundamental agricultural problems that are the most difficult and the most important in Russia, and which are inseparable from the problem of the Russian mujik—how to take care of him and how to drum some sense into his head. He stood between the two extremes of anti-Bolshevik Russia. He seemed to personify the spirit of the Zemstvo—that peculiarly Russian organ of self-government. The cordiality of my reception by Iákovlef was tempered somewhat by his doubt as to whether or not America really did intend to help him in his struggle for freedom against the Bolsheviki. But his genial, open-minded attitude, his vision and his practical ability confirmed the truth of what Russian friends had assured me —"Once free from the military tyranny of Lenine, men will not be lacking to guide and steady the Russian people."

Under the leadership of men like Iákovlef, Irkutsk was fast resuming its many-sided activities interrupted by the Bolsheviki. As an educational centre, it was second only to Tomsk in prestige and influence. Among the first events

of importance to take place after the freeing of the city by the Czechs was the opening of a new Irkutsk University and the establishment of a People's College. The number of teachers and scholars living in the city was greatly augmented by refugees from the large cities of European Russia. I had a long talk one evening with one of the professors interested in the formation of the new university, a man who seemed to me at first very stolid and very phlegmatic. As always, our talk led to the Russian political situation. "I suppose," he said, "you Americans condemn us as traitors in the Great War because of the way we deserted the cause, and despise us because of the situation we find ourselves in now. And with reason, I cannot blame you. Russia, whom we love, has indeed given reason to the world for scorn and mockery." I was touched by an altered tone in his voice, and I told him what an American who knew his country's history could tell him of comfort and encouragement. "We cannot judge you," I said. "When the first revolution came, our land was filled with rejoicing from end to end—we felt we could now fight with the Allies without any doubt about our fighting for democracy. We now see Russia struggling to build up, out of the ruins, a free country. With all the previous training in self-government in our colonies, it took us twenty years to set up a really stable government. We cannot and do not expect Russia to take her ignorant masses, her long-continued traditions, and do it in six months after four terrible years of war." I stopped after a few words of this character, for my stolid friend had turned away, and I saw that he was in tears. It was a little embarrassing, but it brought home to me very keenly the degree of shame and humiliation felt by many

of the men who loved Russia, and showed how deep a chord could be struck by sympathetic words, where criticism or careless trivialities would bring instant resentment and a dignified defense.

No class of men felt this humiliation more keenly than the younger intellectuals and students whose past record in the struggle for liberty in Russia all the world knows. My assistant in our propaganda work was a young Russian—a naval lieutenant through the exigencies of war, but by nature and inclination a mathematician and astronomer. He lived, as so many refugees were forced to do, in a railroad car at the station in Irkutsk. One day, not long after my conversation with the professor, he told me of an incident which had greatly distressed him. Some window-panes in his car had been broken, and two workmen had come to repair them. He had stood and talked with them in a friendly way, hearing the gossip of the town and the usual complaints of the hardness of life in general, and their life in particular. Though he held an officer's commission, his uniform was that of a sailor, as it was impossible to procure materials for officers' dress in all Siberia. The two glaziers at first took him for a common sailor, but from a chance remark learned that he was an officer. The attitude of the men changed immediately. They looked at each other, muttered "Burjúi" and lapsed into silence. No further effort on the part of my friend to talk with them met with the slightest response. He was cut off from intercourse with these men. Nothing in him had changed, and yet now that he had been revealed as a Burjúi, everything he did met with suspicion, nothing he said could be believed. There was no point of contact left. "You see," he said very seriously

and very sadly, "we are ostracized by our own people. What *can* I do to help them, to serve them? I have never harmed them—I have always been against the Czar, but they will have none of me or those like me. It is that which drives me to despair, for there seems to be no place left for me in Russia." This small incident was an indication of the peculiarly desperate and tragic mental suffering of the fearless fair-minded liberal group of young men and students whose hands and spirit had wrought the overthrow of the Czar, but who had achieved their life's ambition only to have it turn thus to ashes in their mouths.

Men like the professor and my young naval lieutenant were representative of that part of the Intelligentzia which had been overwhelmed by the October revolution and was now rather impotent and helpless. The institutions and interests they represented had not been strong and rugged enough to hold together and weather the first impact of the Bolshevik wave. But the great Coöperative Societies and the People's Bank, their financial organ, strong in their relations with the peasant and intrenched in the confidence of the people, had been able to withstand the shock which swept away so many of the old institutions. When, after my short stay in Irkutsk was over, I went on to Omsk for the second time, I found the same men who had been able to serve us under the Bolsheviki still carrying on their work of trying to render some practical business help to the people under the new conservative régime. Going to call upon one of the great Siberian Coöperatives, on the third floor of a large building, flooded with light and humming with activity, I was received by the managing director and his assistant

with extreme cordiality, and was offered the inevitable glass of tea with bread and caviar. My hosts were dressed in the conventional European way, but were extremely Russian in their volubility, their cleverness of phrase and their tendency to stray from the point. It was almost impossible to keep strictly to the subject matter of my visit, which was to gather definite information as to the urgent needs of the people in Omsk for certain commodities which it was then vainly projected by our authorities to supply. Maps and books were brought out, and the ramifications of this great organization, reaching to the most distant villages, were spread before me. With every allowance scepticism could make, it was a stirring thing to think of the service such an organization could render the mujik—furnishing a market for his produce, giving him the small credit he needed, bringing to him machinery and all the necessary articles of manufacture he required, and, beyond that, bringing almost the only reading matter he ever saw—the cooperative magazine and simple paper pamphlets of Russian history, of agriculture, of literature, even. As I went from one Coöperative Society to another in Omsk, even with the terribly depressing conditions under which that city, with its 250,000 refugees, was laboring, there impressed me more than anything else a certain sturdy independence of manner among their people which I had not seen elsewhere in Russia. Some of them were evidently men sprung from the soil from the peasant class, and some were of the Intelligentzia in its strictest sense. The workers in the Russian Coöperative movement were in themselves proof that the gap between the peasant and the intellectual that had seemed so overwhelmingly great could actually

be spanned. The ostracism from the mass of Russian men so bitterly felt by my young naval friend and many more like him was so general and had left so vivid an impression on my mind that I could not disregard it as of no importance in a study of the Intelligentzia, but it was clearly not the universal lot of educated men in Russia.

Omsk, the political capital of Siberia, was the centre of political hatreds and quarrels. With its crowds of refugees and soldiers going to and from the front and representatives of one organization or another from all over Siberia, it was a city of immense confusion. Nearer the Ural front, where the Siberian Army organized by the All-Russian Provisional Government in Omsk was gradually taking over the line against the Bolsheviki from the battle-worn Czech Army, the issues were clearer and simpler. Shortly after the overthrow of the All-Russian Government and the coming into power of Admiral Kolchak in November 1918, I was stationed by the Committee on Public Information in Ekaterinburg. This city, the finest in the Urals, was one of the main objectives of the Red Army at that time. With the nearness of the common enemy making some sort of unity among the Intelligentzia imperative, it was easier to take stock of them than it had been before. I had met the conscientious, high-spirited, sincere monarchist men and women, and had felt that they were but the best representatives of an outworn tradition, a hopeless cause. Now and again I had come across devoted, thoroughly sincere revolutionists, who felt that the Bolsheviki were destroying their country, but who feared equally all whom they felt were tainted with reaction, and hardly knew where to turn, or how to adjust themselves in the whirlpool of events that

engulfed them. I had met many cultured people like my host in Irkutsk who seemed merely passive and feeble bits of human wreckage tossed hither and thither in the storm, which they could not weather, and from which they suffered cruelly. On them the fatalism of the Russian national character seemed to have taken a peculiar hold, but yet they never quite gave up the struggle against circumstances. It is very difficult for the average American fully to understand the Slav, and yet one became convinced that, though they might fight to the last, it would be with the hopeless conviction that circumstances would be too much for them, and that the utmost they could do was to fail with an heroic gesture. I had met many people of much the same stamp who yet seemed stronger and more stable. For me Iákovlef in Irkutsk had become a type of such men, and the City Councils and the Zemstvos the organized expression of their spirit—the spirit of Russian self-government and liberty working itself out in a natural Russian way. The great social revolutionary party contained many men of both these general types. And I had also met in the Coöperatives men whose peculiar economic position and whose connection with the peasants seemed to set them apart as a distinct class—a very self-conscious class—forming a hopeful connecting link between the masses and the Intelligentzia.

Such a classification as this must of necessity be rudimentary and incomplete, but any attempt to define the elements that made up anti-Bolshevik Russia could hardly be more when made against the background of the suffering and extraordinary confusion of Siberia. There was much evil mixed in with the good, and one who had not begun or at least tried in some measure to see with

Russian eyes, and feel with Russian feelings, could easily see only the evil. In all towns back of the front I had seen money, so sorely needed by the army, spent like water. Everywhere young officers in uniforms, grotesque to Western eyes in their display and garishness, were swaggering about. Obstinacy, carelessness, self-assertion appeared on every hand. The restaurants were crowded with speculators, both Jew and Gentile, who reaped an evil harvest from the agony of the people. In Chita, Semiónof, who had once fought bravely against the Bolsheviki, set up a bandit's arbitrary power—mingling in his rule the cruel, the farcical, the mock-heroic and the tragic, and adding to the physical discomfort and confusion of mind of the people. All these things only emphasized the crushing magnitude of the problem which Russians who loved liberty and hated Bolshevism had to struggle with in that vast frontier country—Siberia.

Living day in and day out with Russians, I could not but be impressed by their extraordinary subjectivity and their love of self-analysis. Evening after evening I sat with my hosts till the early morning hours, and the talk ran on endlessly until I thought that every emotion of which the human animal was capable had been analyzed into its component parts and ticketed for all time. One evening, I asked impatiently: "Well, when all is said and done, what result have we achieved from all this talk? Has it changed the opinion of any one of us? Will any action result from it tomorrow?" The answer was one which rather surprised me: "No, no opinion is changed. You Americans talk and then it leads to some practical action. We Russians talk because it affords us intellectual pleasure. Two Russians can discuss for five hours and get

up the next morning entirely with views unchanged in any particular." The tone implied a natural, objective recognition of a certain psychological fact—no desire to change it, no suggestion that it needed change. To me it seemed full of significance, and sad—for I had seen enough of Russia to feel that the well-constructed theories, the logical deductions, the ingenious plans and schemes that had been worked out by wits sharpened in such endless discussions at countless Russian tables had done harm to Russia. Precisely because so clever, so logical, so complete, so perfect, those theories had often blinded their makers to the sterner logic of external facts.

If the feeling that I was living among people inclined by nature to abstractions and to theories was strengthened daily by life in Ekaterinburg, so also was the appreciation of the terrible discipline they were undergoing intensified and deepened. One beautiful sunny winter afternoon I was walking along the main street of Ekaterinburg at the point where it overlooks the lake that gives to that city so much of its originality and charm. On two sides were substantial buildings with a park before them along the lake shore and on the other side of the lake an evergreen forest, with low hills beyond. The isvóschiks had made a track across the frozen surface which they used in winter as a short cut to the station. One or two of them were crossing, little black specks against the shining white background of the lake. I had fallen into a mood of contentment and peacefulness that came seldom to me during my stay in Russia. There was much beauty and restfulness in the scene. Once more, as in Pskoff, I felt as if the spirit of the Greek churches, the domes of three of which were visible from the place where

I was walking, were all around me. I hardly noticed a small, mild, elderly lady approaching me from the opposite direction. She stopped before me, evidently hesitating to speak. She was plainly nervous, and, as she looked up at me, I was astonished at the imploring eagerness of her look and a curious sort of trustfulness and hopefulness that seemed almost childlike. She said: "Please tell me what fate has befallen the hostages. Have you heard anything of them? Are they alive? Tell me, are they still alive?" When the Bolsheviki had evacuated Ekaterinburg some months before they had carried off thirty of the best citizens as hostages to Perm, which had just been recaptured by the Siberian Army. What would be their lot now that Perm had fallen? Among them there must be someone very dear to this little woman before me—husband or son—I did not dare to ask, for I could give her no reassurance. What overwhelming anxiety, what torturing doubt there must be in her heart to ask the casual passer-by for some word, some chance gossip that might give comfort and hope!

The next day I myself set out for Perm with the American consul, who was going there to take winter socks and sweaters to the army which stood between us and the Bolshevik power. A three days' journey over a circuitous route was necessary before reaching Perm, as the main line was still held by the Soviet troops. Temporary trestles over rivers, freight cars strewn on either side of the line at frequent intervals on their sides and upside down, and burned railway stations gave ample evidence of the fighting that had been going on only a few days before in the bitterest cold of all the long, hard Siberian winter. As we entered the outskirts of Perm,

our train passed a huge locomotive, painted entirely brown, including the tender, and covered with Bolshevik mottoes and battle cries. Right in the centre of the front of the engine was a portrait of Trotsky, and on the side of the cab appeared the unmistakable features of Lenine. This prize was among the many that had fallen into the hands of the Siberian Army because of the daring exploit of one of their detachments. A small company had crossed the Kama River one night when the Bolsheviki thought it was too cold for any troops to leave their trains and had cut the fuses which had been laid to blow up the bridge over the Kama, thereby precipitating the evacuation of the Bolsheviki which had already been more methodically begun.

After distributing the sweaters and the socks so sorely needed by the badly clothed and underfed boys who fought in Kolchak's Army, the American consul and his party were asked to break bread with the Chief of Staff of the army. This courtesy was, of course, gladly accepted, and at half past four in the afternoon we left our railroad car, and climbed over the four or five intervening trains until we reached the train of the Chief of Staff. His huge private car, just captured from the Bolsheviki, was gaily decorated with evergreens and bunting in token of victory. We passed by the two heavily armed sentinels at the door, and were ushered into the commodious dining-room at one end of the car where only a few days before the Bolshevik command had planned and directed the battles of the Soviet armies. Our host, a small, lithe, energetic man, with a black moustache, dressed in a general's uniform covered with decorations, received us cordially. Our meal was plain and modest

perforce—but to eat at a table with a white tablecloth and not have to fight to get one's meal was in itself a treat. The chief of staff was in high spirits, for it had been an extraordinary feat to capture Perm under the conditions that existed. Before our talk had gone far, he began to hold forth about the Russia that was to be after this success had been followed up by the military defeat of the Bolsheviki. He was a good example of what so many of my Russian friends had spoken of with scorn and hatred as 'black reactionary.' His was the type of mind that looked backward, not forward, that seemed to have gained no new vision, no real sense of the spirit of the times from the events that had shaken Russia to its foundation, and in which he himself was playing an active part. I had always felt that the Bolshevik propaganda, about the 'self-determination of nations and the evils of imperialism,' that had been dinned into my ears, could have no effect on me but a negative one since the Bolsheviki themselves were the first to deny it in their practice. But I now found myself listening with an open hostility and increasing surprise to this man as he began to talk about his vision for the future. He wanted Finland back—he wanted Poland back—he wanted every farthest frontier to which the empire had aspired restored, and not only restored but advanced. He wanted, and still believed possible, the realization of the old dream of a Russian Constantinople. For himself and his own people he wanted every privilege, every power, every advantage they had enjoyed before—and yet he did not defend the Czar. I felt sure he did not want a Czar in Russia again, but he did want the old conditions of life that existed under the Czar. Not a word about schools, about the

great needs, economic, political, spiritual, of the mass of Russian people. It was not a vision of a future Russia he was unfolding to us, but a picture of past Russia seen at a far distance from which only its pleasant side was clear.

I left the car of the Chief of Staff depressed in spirit, for it was only too clear that he represented an important element in the forces that were so imperfectly joined together in the anti-Bolshevik cause. Between him and Iákovlef in Irkutsk, how wide a chasm, how fundamental a difference of political philosophy, of vision and hope for the future! Yet both were hated and fought by the Bolsheviki; both were Burjúi; both were joined together by their common enmity against Bolshevism. Where was a traveler among the confusion of disorganized Siberia to find some thread to reconcile these contradictions—some common principle that bound together these different kinds of people in hostility to the one common enemy?

It was only three days after Perm had been freed from the Bolshevik rule that I walked up its desolate empty streets with all the stores closed and bolted, and on past the huge red sign of the Central Executive Committee of the Soviet of Workmen's, Soldiers' and Peasants' Deputies. The melancholy remains of the decorations hung out to celebrate the completion of one year of Bolshevik rule had not yet been removed. I entered the office of the paper, *Free Perm,* which was just preparing to begin publication. I had a curious sensation in that office, talking with four or five of the men, mostly young men, who were planning to bring the little sheet to light, as if I were witnessing the very first stirring of free intellectual life in that city after a long winter in which everything had been dead and frozen. It was like the sap just be-

ginning to run in the trees in the spring. I was received with an affection and a heartiness that was very pleasant. I brought news, such as it was, from the outside world, news of the terms of the Armistice, of the work of the Red Cross, of the great varied non-Bolshevik world. For this they were grateful—for they were intellectually starved, just as their thin bodies and drawn, pale faces showed that they had been physically starved. But this was not in itself the reason, the deep-down fundamental reason, why they were so glad to see me. As I was walking down to the station with one of them after an hour's talk, he burst out: "It is such a wonderful relief to talk with someone who does not abuse, despise and scorn the things that we honor and hold sacred—to talk with someone who is moderate in speech and talks to you like a reasonable man, to get away from the constant, the violent, the maddening repetition over and over again of the few fixed ideas of Bolshevik doctrine, couched in the same phrases, without change or variation, that make up the Bolshevik vocabulary."

There was here an expression of something that bound together all anti-Bolshevik Russia. It was their absolute break with the past that marked off the Bolsheviki so conspicuously from the non-Bolsheviki. The men I met in Perm, and the Chief of Staff in the railroad car down at the station, and the editor of *Labor* back in Harbin, and all the other thousand and one types of men and women whom an arbitrary classification called Burjúi shared a common respect for the past, honored and gave weight and consideration to the experience and the teaching of their fathers. They represented the continuous growth and development of Russian life out of the past into the

future, the Social Revolutionaries perhaps more than the others. Whether radical or reactionary, they resented and fought against the sudden imposition of a foreign ready-made doctrine which denied the validity of the past experience of the race, and declared that all who failed to subscribe to it and the methods by which it was imposed were enemies of the people.

And further than this, among non-Bolshevik Russians there was a natural implicit recognition of certain general standards of honor and decency among men which form the basis of ordinary intercourse among educated people and upon which I, as an American, had always instinctively relied without ever giving the matter particular thought. Respect for another man's opinion, recognition that his religious beliefs are to him sacred and as such command tolerance at least, some moderation of speech, breadth of view enough to conceive that another may indeed have grasped some portion of the truth, however opposed his views may be to your own, a rudimentary sense of fair play toward one's fellow man, respect for his family and his home, some slight willingness to trust his motives, and honesty of intention in carrying out pledges and understandings reached with him—these things at least civilized intercourse among men demands of everyone. But these things the higher law of class struggle and class war always over-ruled in Bolshevik Russia whenever the two came into conflict, utterly destroying confidence between man and man. And the peculiar nature of the Bolshevik philosophy made it inevitable that they should constantly come into conflict. The very fact that non-Bolshevik Russians of the most diverse types denied that class interest was superior to

every moral or ethical consideration was in itself a bond of union between them in the face of Bolshevik doctrine.

Less fundamental perhaps, but not without its own significance and meaning was the last phrase of my friend, spoken so sincerely and with such an accent of heartfelt joy in his sudden intellectual liberation. Not only did he rejoice to be free from the constant abuse of 'all we honor and hold sacred,' but also to escape 'the repetition over and over again of the same words and the same ideas.' A free and varied intellectual life, the give and take of ideas of every sort and drawn from all times and all lands, enjoyment of the wealth and richness of Russia's own marvelous literature, an appreciation of all sorts of spiritual, artistic and intellectual values that man's genius has created, these things also formed a bond between anti-Bolshevik Russians—for men of every type of mind revolted against the narrowness and the tyranny of Bolshevik thought which clung so tenaciously to one well-defined inflexible complex of ideas and denied and fought against so much that most intelligent men held dear and valued.

My time in Russia was fast drawing to a close and I returned to Ekaterinburg from Perm for only one more month of American propaganda work among people whose general sympathy for American ideals of freedom and democracy rendered that work easy. During this month I came to appreciate more and more the work of enlightenment and education which the coöperators carried on among the people, and the national character and useful work of the Zemstvo. Not least among the influences strong in Russian life that held much in store for the future was the influence of the Orthodox Church.

It was a sign of the times which no friend of Russia could fail to see without encouragement and hopefulness that the individualistic, mystical Orthodox Church, which had its roots so deep in the life of Russia and reached out to all the thousands of villages of that widespread land, was beginning a new kind of active social community work. I had talked with priests who were struggling with the crushing problem of adapting the Church to the changed world of today. In spite of great obstacles—not the least of which was a priesthood whose attitude still reflected the attitude of a great state church, a church deeply influenced by the relationship it had borne to the old Czarist régime, they kept faith in the vision of a better leadership to be won by the Church in the future than she had enjoyed in the past. But I even was more impressed by talking with an elderly layman editor of an able paper published in Ekaterinburg. He had been editor of the influential *Ruskie Viedomosti* in Moscow, and had fled to Siberia with one companion, helped and hidden by the peasants, to take up the fight for honest, patriotic, clean government in Russia in that distant corner of his country. A profoundly religious man and a devout member of the Orthodox Church, he was struggling with the problem of how to make the Church take the place it should in preparing the Russian people for free government, and more enlightened Christian national life. As representing a country where the church had striven to reach out into the community life, and whose experiments of the type of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. had been tried on a large scale, he earnestly sought from me and other Americans information about the methods and the ideals behind such work. His purpose was, with other

laymen and priests of his city, to work out some Russian form that would answer in a more complete way than the old leadership of the Orthodox Church had done the practical and spiritual needs of the Russian people. And he was but one of many priests and laymen whose thought and hopes centred in a renewed and vitalized leadership on the part of the Church. Before I left Moscow on my first visit to the front, now many months ago, I had felt in the beautiful service at the Cathedral of the Redeemer at which all types of men had seemed to be united in a common race and a common faith, that the Greek Orthodox faith was one of the strongest ties binding Russians together. Against this faith the Bolsheviki had fought—upon its priests they had heaped indignity, its teachings they had laughed to scorn. The revulsion of Russian people of all classes against those who had thus denied and outraged a faith precious and dear to the heart of Russia was by no means a negligible factor in unifying men, differing in almost every conceivable respect, in common hostility to the Bolsheviki.

One more striking evidence that there was a basis of unity binding together the Burjúi came to me, during the last days of my stay in Ekaterinburg. To a greater extent than I was conscious of, my thought had been concentrated for many months entirely on Russian problems, and my heart moved by Russian feelings. I had gotten out of touch with the great and more general currents of world affairs. So, when the news came that the Allies, among them my own country, had proposed that all Russian factions meet together at Prinkipo for conference with regard to peace, there came over me a burning sense of indignation and of shame. Later news brought con-

firmation of the fact that by 'factions' were meant both the Bolsheviki and their enemies. So thoroughly had I been convinced that, with all their diversity of character and opinion, all their varied failings and shortcomings, those who were fighting against Bolshevism were the true, the real representatives of Russia, that it was with difficulty that I could believe the cold meaning of the words of the cables before me. If a foreigner could feel in this way, how must these men feel, monarchist and radical alike, from whom I had so often heard the words, 'the freeing of Russia,' 'the rebirth, the regeneration of Russia,' spoken with infinite sincerity. They could not conceive that their friends could consider them otherwise than as Russia, and the Bolsheviki otherwise than as enemies of Russia. Instinctively, I shrank from meeting Russian friends. When finally I went once more into the office of the editor whose plans and hopes for the future of the Greek Church had so interested me, we met with friendliness, but with a sadness neither he nor I tried to conceal. No words were really necessary to show that he felt as if a blow in the back had been struck patriotic Russians by their best friends when America declared she saw no difference between them and the oppressors and ravagers of their country, and that to her they were both 'Russian factions.' It was so with every one I met—coöperators, intellectuals, editors of every paper. Though he was unjust, I could not blame the man who, proposing a scornful toast to Prinkipo at a dinner, asked why I did not drink with him as my own President had proposed the conference. It seemed as if an electric shock had passed through the whole people. At that moment, if at no other, every conflict seemed buried among

non-Bolshevik Russians in a common feeling of national pride and dignity. How tragic it has seemed in the light of after events that the one plan which might have led ultimately to the attainment of what they strove for, should have been one which it was a psychological impossibility for them to regard as other than a gross and studied insult on the part of the nations who professed to be the friends of Russia.

With all the sadness and anger and revolt that stirred me in the days after the news of Prinkipo reached us in Ekaterinburg, I could not but marvel at the strength of the national feeling that it evoked. I could not but recognize that one of the great things that marked off the anti-Bolsheviki from the Bolsheviki was patriotism in its best sense. It will ever remain one of the strangest paradoxes in history that, in the peculiar sequence of events which followed, because of the halting and contradictory attitude of the Allies towards Russia and because of certain inherent weaknesses in the Russian character, this national spirit, of which I saw so wonderful an example in Siberia, instead of crushing the power of the Bolsheviki should have come instead to strengthen and uphold it. Only in Russia could a party whose fundamental philosophy rested solidly on internationalism and on the dictatorship of one class become the national party.

Ignorant of what the future held in store, I left Ekaterinburg to turn my steps once more to America, strong in the conviction that the people I had learned in Soviet Russia to call Burjúi, however diverse in their philosophy, however subjective and theoretic in their attitude, however scattered, weakened, perhaps even despairing, still were in very truth the people on whom the future leader-

ship of Russia must rest, because they represented the historical orderly development of Russia's life, because they were bound together in one great faith, because they represented that many-sided intellectual life which is the life-breath of every vigorous nation, and because, in their hearts, there lived that patriotism and love of country without which there can be no permanent national leadership.

VII.

CONCLUSIONS

THE first feeling of almost everyone leaving revolutionary Russia after a protracted stay in that unhappy country is an exhilarating sense of liberation and release. It is as if one breathed the outside air once more after passing through the gates of a prison to be free of the restraint and the tension from which no one in Russia can escape. When my service in Russia was over and I reached Japan on the way home to America, I shared this feeling to the full. How delightful to return home, to have peace of mind once more in a well-ordered country where liberty and democracy were understood, and had long since found orderly expression in a stable government. But the very relaxation from the strain and uncertainty of the past year made it possible for the first time to appraise the contribution of the year's experience in its proper perspective. Pleasant as was the prospect of enjoying once more the unquestioned established order of things in America and living once more among people whose lives flowed in settled and familiar channels, it was clearly impossible for one who had lived through the cata-

clysm that had taken place in Russia to fall back again into the groove of placid contentment so common in the quiet years before the war. France had spoken to others during these stirring years, but Russia had spoken to me, and had brought about a fundamental change of attitude without any conscious effort on my part.

A chance conversation overheard in one of the comfortable hotels in Japan revealed to me for the first time that this was so. As I sat one afternoon in the sitting-room of the hotel, an indignant voice made itself heard—the voice of an American lady pitched in a key calculated to carry the burden of her complaint to every corner of the room. "Labor is getting *so* insolent in California that it is almost impossible to live there. You can't get any servants and the commonest *workman* seems to think he ought to have everything as good as we have." The rising inflection toward the end showed wherein lay the real point of the grievance. Two years before such a remark would not have attracted my particular attention, but, fresh from revolutionary Russia, it filled me with amazement. "Where have you been living during all these tremendous years?" I wanted to ask the indignant lady who was thus bemoaning her hard lot. "Who are you that certain good things should come to you as a matter of course which the mass of men may not strive for and desire without presumption and insolence?" After a year and a half in Russia, I was myself asking in substance the same question that the red-faced peasant soldier had hurled at me on my way into Russia, "Why should *you* ride in comfort while I, who have fought and suffered, stand outside?"

Of the many factors that had contributed to the change

in attitude which this reaction implied, not the least was the open and persistent denial by the Bolshevik propaganda of the justice of the capitalistic system and the constant assertion that, from the human point of view, it was absolutely indefensible. The necessity of being constantly on the defensive on behalf of the established economic system of production and distribution, while not weakening my belief in its fundamental economic soundness and rightfulness, had yet forced me to realize its many abuses, and fostered an attitude of protest against its great and manifest evils. Furthermore, the critical and searching inquiry of the theoretical social-revolutionaries and intellectuals into American institutions and American democracy, an inquiry all the more instructive because of its keenness and ability to perceive the inconsistencies and weaknesses of both, made an attitude of complacency toward the established order extremely difficult to maintain. The particularly odious forms in which special privilege had existed and still existed to some degree in Russia gave rise to a very strong reaction against them, which resulted in a more hostile and critical attitude toward great inequalities between men the world over. Finally, the passionate nature of the times made it no longer possible, in discussing and thinking about social problems, to take refuge behind comfortable but vague generalities. For I had been living under conditions which had broken down conventions, shown up shams and given to such general terms as 'proletariat,' 'bourgeoisie,' 'capitalist' intensely human and personal content.

The nature of the change of attitude produced by the cumulative effect of these various influences was twofold. In the first place, it was a refusal further to take for

granted as valid for the present day inherited social standards and political formulas, without weighing each carefully in the balance. In the second place, it was a keener appreciation than could have been possible in the orderly times of peace of how immensely more important are human rights than property rights. If these were its effects upon an individual American who had come to Russia with no thought of political philosophizing, it is not unreasonable to expect that on a larger scale the proletarian revolution in Russia may have similar effects upon men in other countries. It is fair to assume that the result of Russia's experience will be, first, to take from contemporary institutions much of the prestige which is due to the mere fact of their having the sanction of precedent and respectability, and to lead liberal people to judge them solely on their own merits with regard to needs of the present day; and second, to increase the power and the numbers of those who earnestly believe that every man, no matter how humble, has the right to be respected, to be independent, and to share in as large a measure as is possible, without definite harm to the general interests of the community, in the good things of the world, not as a concession from those holding economic power, but as a human right.

Russia had thus demanded of an American a new attitude of mind toward the problems of the day. She had also shown in dramatic manner the latent power in the masses which makes them the ultimate and controlling factor in national life. Nowhere in the world were the masses of the people more passive and more disconnected from government and politics than in Russia. And yet, when a leadership had been found that appealed to their

real desires and fundamental interests, they had swept all before them. After these desires had been in part satisfied by the taking of the land by the peasants, and the leadership of the Bolsheviki ceased to express the people's will, I had seen the new leaders forced to resort to the old precarious methods of government by bayonets and violence. This development of the Bolshevik Government into a more and more autocratic and arbitrary power, in proportion as it became less and less a reflection of the collective judgment and feeling of the Russian people, was an extraordinarily clear demonstration of the fact that free government is inconsistent with the application of any social theory which represents the thought of a single individual or a single group in the community. The failure of the Intelligentzia to set up a stable government in the regions under their control was added evidence of this fact. For they, too, like the Bolsheviki, insisted on exercising power according to preconceived ideas, without regard to the wishes of the mass of the people. In a greater degree than either of the others, the monarchists were unresponsive to the will of the people. In the face of the first tremendous demonstration of mass power in the October revolution, the blindness and weakness of those who, learning nothing from the revolution, still looked upon the people as chattels and hoped to restore Czarism, was strikingly revealed.

For Russia the future was full of darkness and shadows, but two things were certain—the Bolshevik Government, though it might live long, could not be permanent, because it no longer expressed any broad aspiration of the people, and monarchy could never permanently prevail, because it would have to rest entirely on the hated methods of

suppression and coercion. The stable government of Russia, for which we are all longing, must have its roots in the consent of the masses, and must look upon their needs with understanding and sympathy. For any government which does not fulfil these two conditions will be at best a makeshift which the masses will look upon with indifference and which they will passively resist. But the task of establishing such a government in Russia is one that will require the painstaking labor of a generation, rather than the leadership, however brilliant, of any one man, for its successful accomplishment depends upon a certain degree of real progress on the part of the peasant himself. Before liberal Russia can attain her ideal, time and education must bear their needed fruit in a fairly intelligent peasantry and a substantial middle class. To hold fast to the belief that the Russian people will in time develop such a stable and well-ordered government is the greatest test of the faith, patience and constancy of the real friends of Russia.

The Czar had entirely disregarded the homely, crude expressions by simple people of their hopes and desires. The first revolutionary government had spoken a language more in accord with democratic parliamentary ideas, but not a language the Russian masses understood. The Bolsheviki, to whom was left an open field to organize and give expression to the desires of the great mass of the common people, used this opportunity to strengthen their own power and to establish a new autocracy. They had shown the extraordinary power that may be exercised by a unified, purposeful minority, but they had erected a magnificent edifice on a quicksand. All alike failed because they did not keep step with the develop-

ment of the country, because no one of them was comprehensive enough or broad enough to express the national will. Thus the whole experience of Russia was a warning against political panaceas of all sorts. It was a warning that in America, as well as in Russia, it is not safe, it is not just, it is not wise to resent and disregard expressions of feeling crudely and sometimes violently voiced by men who feel that injustice and oppression exist widely in our land. It was a lesson rather to seek the causes of such discontent than to stifle its expression, and this all the more because, in view of the great difference in the conditions of the two countries, the experience of Russia could never be the experience of America. If the masses of Russia are the ultimate controlling power of that land, how much more is this true of America where the general level of intelligence is so much higher, and how much more important and worthy of honest and sympathetic consideration are what a practical politician once referred to in my hearing as "the rudimentary, impractical, stupid opinions" of the rank and file of plain people.

Bolshevik Russia, by forcing me to think definitely in terms of class, gave an entirely new value to the American conception of freedom from class barriers. The Bolshevik régime offered abundant proof that to place the interests of one class above the interests of the whole inevitably leads to the baldest and most flagrant injustice. The first and most obvious example of this was the exclusion of men of patriotism, honesty and culture from the councils of the nation simply because of their class. As time passed, and the initial impetus under which the Bolsheviki came into power gradually died away, the injustice and narrowness inseparable from the Bolshevik

theory increased. Having willingly and of its own choice closed the door to coöperation and compromise upon a large and influential part of the nation, the Bolshevik Government, in order to render itself safe and to preserve its power, had to resort to ever greater centralization and a well-organized military dictatorship. Since it openly professed to govern in the interests of one class only it could not do otherwise, and so little by little began to make enemies of those who otherwise might have been its friends. The more enemies it made the severer became its military rule, the stricter its censorship, the more active and the more one-sided its propaganda. One by one every avenue of free expression of opinion was closed. The oppressive and disheartening feeling that the government was using every ounce of its great power to effect a complete separation between men of different inheritance and opportunities, and to stifle every effort at cooperation and understanding between them grew ever more intense. Bolshevism showed the reverse side of the medal of which Czarism had been the face. Czarism had been a government of one class, and in proportion as under the Bolsheviki it became more and more difficult and dangerous to advocate views in which I passionately believed, it became easier to appreciate the way liberal-minded men had felt when denied freedom of thought under the old régime. Suppression of free speech had fanned the flame of revolution in Russia. I myself had felt enough of the bitterness of one who is denied the right to speak his mind openly to realize, as I could never have realized in America, that suppression of ideas by force can accomplish no permanent result; that it can

only create a state of angry discontent, and strengthen the hold of the ideas against which it is directed.

The hatred and bitterness felt in Russia against the Bolsheviki had many roots. It sprang from their cruelty, their fanaticism, their egoism, their abuse of power, their betrayal of Russian interests, their dishonoring of Russia's name. But these things were effects rather than causes, for they in turn really grew out of the fact that, in their theory of government, the Bolsheviki had deliberately chosen a low ideal instead of a high one. As suggested by one of the younger Scotch philosophers,[1] they had in effect said: "It is no use trying to have government in the interests of all the people in the state. It takes too long to develop the necessary unity of mind and will. Let us choose something easier to attain. Let us create a government of one class only; that, at least, we can and we will do." From this initial choice of a class ideal flowed the peculiar evils of the Bolshevik régime. And this faint-hearted choice of the easier and more attainable ideal was based upon a frank and open disbelief in the ability of the people to govern themselves.

It was therefore with great surprise that in March 1919, I returned to America to find sweeping over the country a wave of hysteria against every form of radicalism. It seemed for the moment as if America also were losing confidence in the strength of her own institutions, and veering toward the Bolshevik and Czarist view that all men must be made to conform to the dominant point of view. By repressing the ideas which it hated, Czarism had lived long, but had made its own destruction inevitable; by repressing the ideas which it hated, Bolshevism was laying

[1] J. W. Scott in "Syndicalism and Philosophical Realism."

the foundation for its own ruin; by repressing ideas repugnant to it, American democracy might create a situation dangerous to its vigorous and orderly development and imperil its best service to mankind. Intimate acquaintanceship, both theoretical and practical, with economic revolution and the dictatorship of the proletariat had so impressed me with their inadequacy to meet the needs of a great people that I was perfectly certain that America had nothing to fear from those who preached them. To find men suggesting that the preachers of the Bolshevik gospel and doctrines of a similar nature should be dealt with by violence seemed to argue a surprising lack of faith in American democracy. No American returning from Russia could fail to have absolute faith that, if only the issue were squarely joined, the American ideal of democracy would prevail overwhelmingly over the ideals of the revolutionary leaders of Russia. For, as the fundamental weakness of the Bolshevik power was due to the deliberate choice of the ideal of class government and the denial of the competence of the people to know what was best for them, so the fundamental strength of American democracy lay in its choice of a government designed to permit the greatest possible measure of human liberty, and based upon confidence in the righteousness and soundness of the collective judgment of all the people.

The Intelligentzia of Russia, even in their hour of failure and tragedy, had preserved that distinguishing refinement and culture which has won for them the admiration of the world. I had been charmed by the brilliance and facility of their conversation, the quickness and subtlety of their minds. I was struck by the almost universal possession on the part of educated people of extraordinary

gifts of appreciation of art, of music and of literature, which made these things a vital factor in everyday life to a far greater degree than in my own matter-of-fact America. But as I lived longer with them it seemed to me as if the disproportionate emphasis placed upon these very qualities tended to deprive the Intelligentzia of their proper place in their country's life by making of them a race separate and apart from the mass of the people. Still further, there was much in the life of the Russian Intelligentzia to make an American living among them prize more highly than ever the optimistic, frank and generous spirit so common among men of his own country. For through all Russian life, among the peasants, and among the Intelligentzia as well, there runs a strain of suspicion, a distrust of one another's motives, so pronounced and so universal as fundamentally to affect the nation's life. "Whom shall we believe?"—this is the tragic question which comes down to Russians of the present day from the terrible inheritance of the old régime when every neighbor might be a spy, every chance word a betrayal.

In addition to this undermining lack of faith in one another, I found among the Intelligentzia a fatalism and a habit of introspection and subjectivity which added greatly to the handicaps under which they labored in their hour of crisis. The evils which the attitude of distrust on the part of anti-Bolshevik Russians brought upon that part of Russia which was under their control were the best and most convincing proof of the need of a social point of view on the part of those who would lead a nation's life. What anti-Bolshevik Russia needed most, what anti-Bolshevik Russia had still to gain, was a willingness among the educated and cultivated people to put the

general welfare above private considerations, a large-mindedness that would yield personal convictions to the best collective judgment of the people, and a spirit of coöperation and confidence among men of different views. The absence of this spirit had rendered futile many well-intentioned efforts at reconstruction in Russia. It had caused suffering, division and failure. My life in Russia, especially my contacts with the Intelligentzia class, had taught me in the most vivid and striking manner the primary importance of strengthening and encouraging in all phases of the nation's life the spirit of social service and social responsibility which finds, not by any means its only, but its best and most general expression in America among the rank and file of the men and women of the Christian Church.

To a degree altogether unexpected on my part, the year and a half spent in revolutionary Russia had shown how great is the responsibility, how wonderful the opportunity of America for leadership among men the world over who love and strive for intellectual and political freedom. Among the peasants and soldiers at the front, America had seemed to stand for a wonderful land where freedom was a fact, and all things were arranged as in some fairy land of legend. The small dealers, railroad workers and clerks who make up what we should call the middle class were always ready to talk for hours about democratic America. The Bolsheviki themselves looked upon America as less to be feared than other nations, as a country where at least an experiment in freedom had been tried, and from which sympathy for their own great experiment could be expected. But it was particularly among the Intelligentzia—always excepting the extreme monarchists

—that America was looked to for example and guidance. The men from whose ranks I had become convinced must come the future leadership of Russia looked across the Atlantic for help. But they did not look blindly. The failures of America and her shortcomings were perhaps clearer to them than a patriotic American might wish. Whether or not America should retain the moral leadership which Russia seemed to be offering her freely and hopefully depended on two things, first, that she should continue to stand for the things which make for freedom, justice and social progress within her own borders; and second, that she should be willing to take her place in the family of nations as a responsible and active champion of honesty and fair dealing among all the people of the world. As I lived among the educated people of Russia and saw their looks turned toward my country, now in hope, now in the bitterness of disappointment, it seemed incredible that America should turn aside from the leadership that it lay in her choice to take or leave. An America resisting all social change, satisfied with her progress thus far and willing to stand still, taking the best thought of two centuries ago as the ideal to follow blindly in the new age, an America turning away from all risk and responsibility connected with world affairs—such an America could do much to dash the hopes and break the spirit of men whose hearts were set upon the creation of a free Russia.

In her hour of darkest tragedy, when the deceiving and dazzling romance of a strange land, and the conventional reserve between men of different races had been swept aside, Russia had spoken to me. She had given me the ability to see social questions, to a considerable degree at

least, from the point of view of the men and women whom the phraseology of the age that was ending had called the 'lower' classes. She had given me the certain and absolute conviction that class rule, whether in the sole interest of the proletariat or of capital, can only be tyranny, and that the spirit of the age is moving against it with a force that must ultimately destroy it. She had given me a deepened appreciation of the value and vital importance of free speech, not merely for those who conform and are called 'respectable,' but for all men who have honest beliefs and convictions to express. She had increased my faith in the fundamental soundness of the American theory of democratic government, and my love for her institutions without blindness to their defects and to the need of growth and change. She had instilled a new respect for the practical energy, the openness of heart, the give-and-take spirit so characteristic of America. She had demonstrated the greatness of the opportunity and responsibility of America in the life of all the nations. By tearing away shams and showing me realities, she had deepened my love for the best things America stands for, had opened a vision of what she might become, had transformed American democracy from something to be accepted as an inheritance from the past, into something to be fought for in the present and in the future. Russia had been a tragedy, Russia had been a warning. But Russia had also been an inspiration and a source of renewed faith in the worthiness and the adequacy of the ideal of free government for which America at her best should stand.

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